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1876

BETHANY
AND
OTHER POEMS



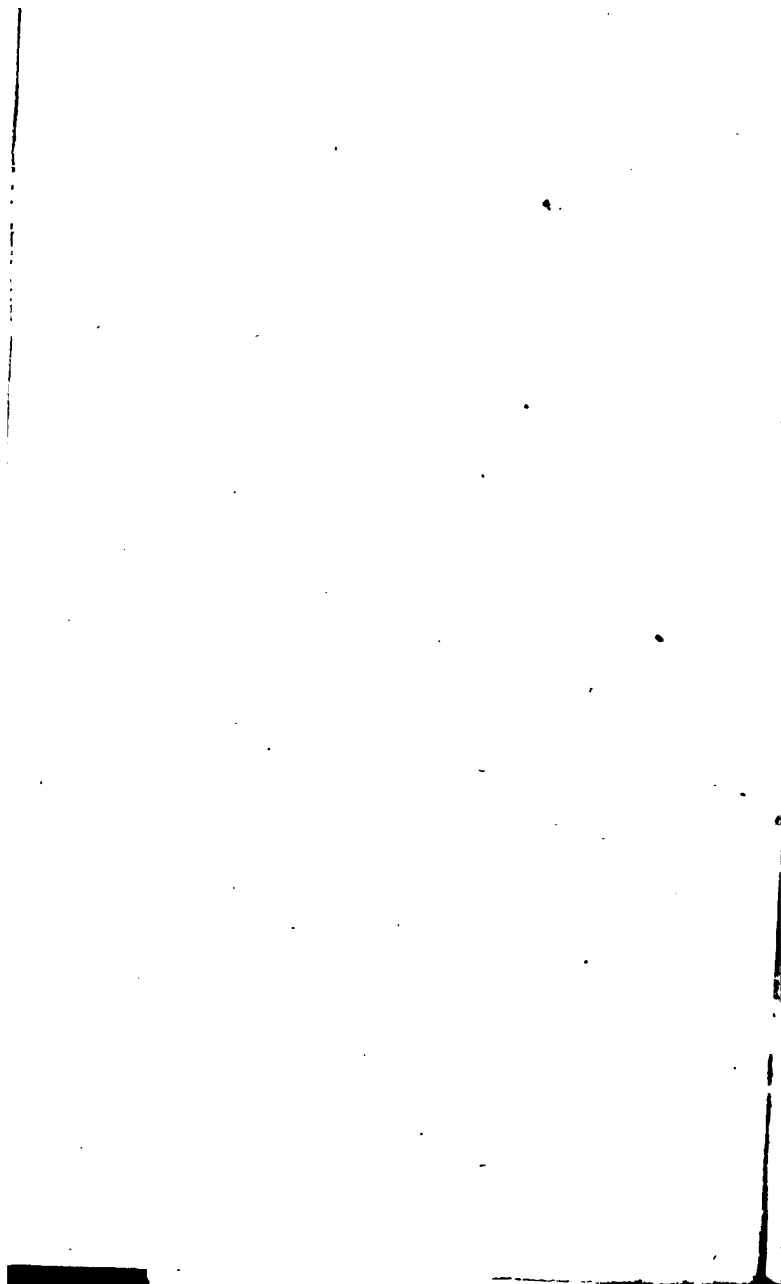
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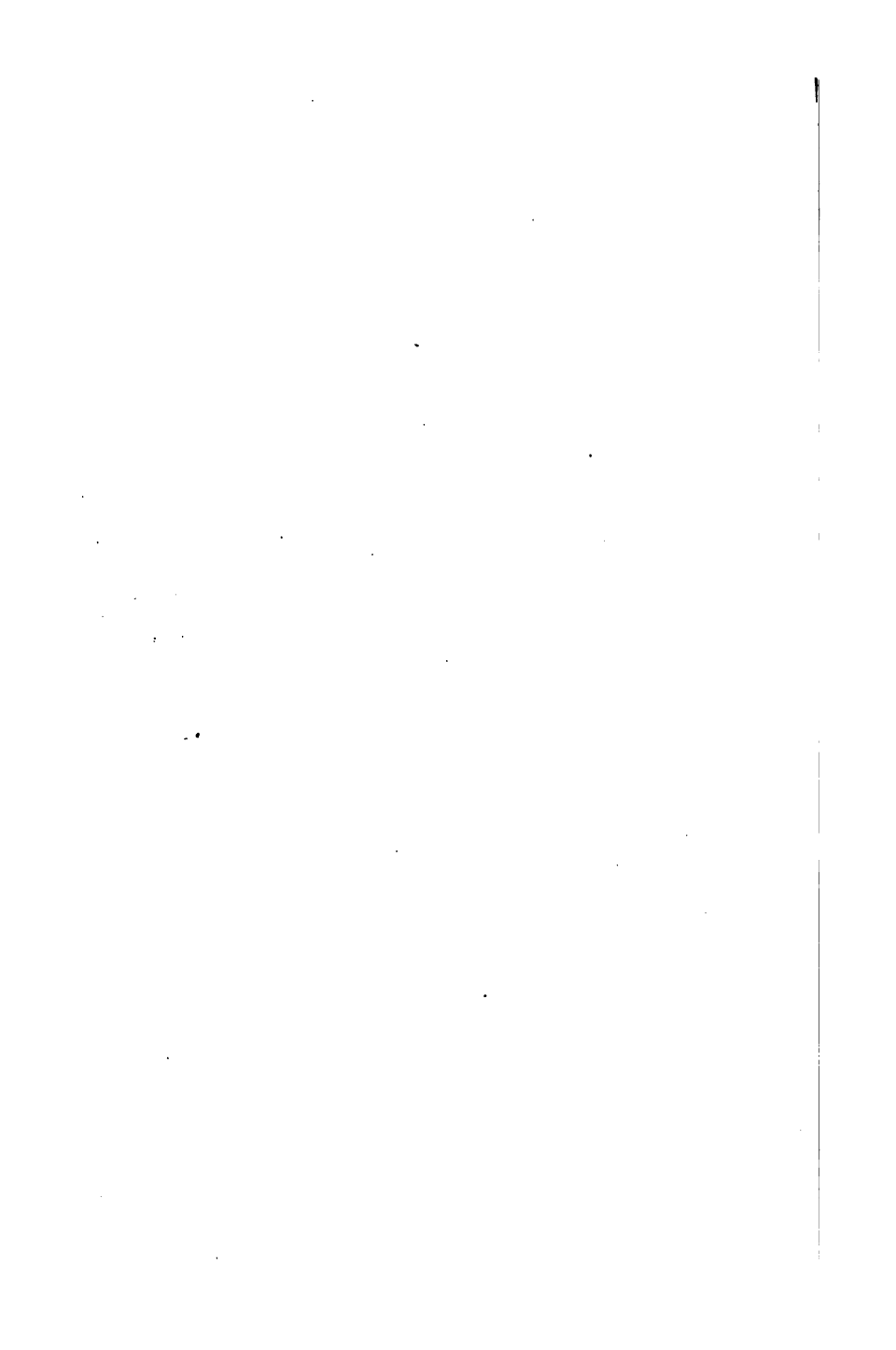
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BETHANY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.



Bethany,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOSEPH HENRY STEPHENSON, M.A.,

RECTOR OF LYMPHAM, PREBENDARY OF WELLS,

AND RURAL DEAN.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE: C. ROBBINS, HIGH STREET.

LONDON:

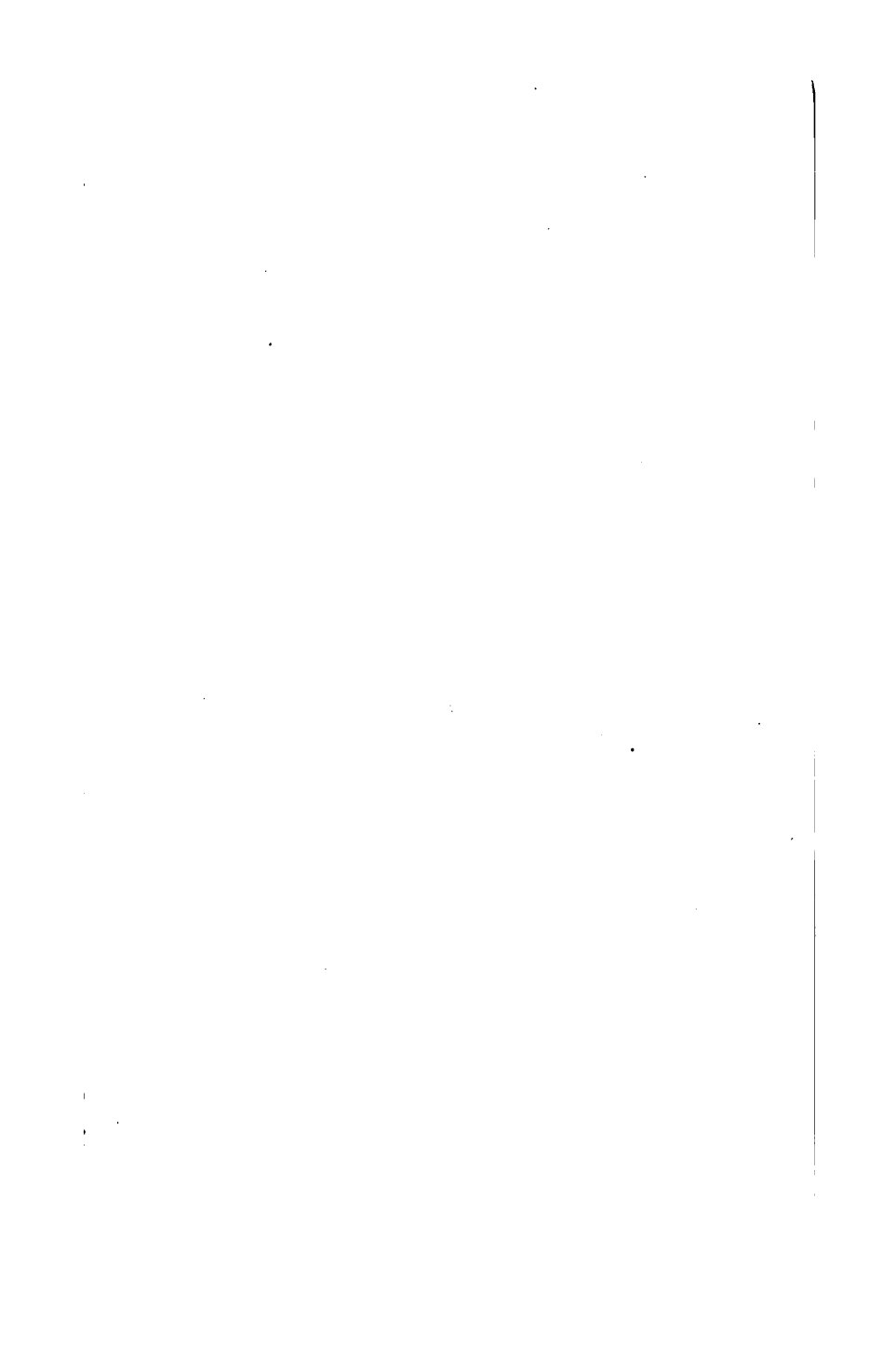
HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1876.

APK4351

My generous friends having indulgently accepted two Editions of my former Stanzas, I venture to ask their renewed favor in the perusal of my present volume of verses, which a brief holiday amongst the hills and streams has enabled me to retouch; while the summer artists have been reproducing nature under her own canopy, or finishing their morning sketches in the crowded corners of the tourist's hostelry.

Dove Dale, June 15, 1876.



TO HER,
WHO FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS
HAS BEEN
THE SUNBEAM OF MY HOME,
THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED, BY AN
AFFECTIONATE AND GRATEFUL
HUSBAND.



Bethany.

HARP of my joy ! that oft my spirit cheers,
When saddening thoughts come wildering o'er
my brain ;

Awake once more, awake to dry these tears,
Wake not in mournful, but in joyous strain :
What, though the autumn gale comes howling by,
And trees are surging in the gathering blast,
And withered leaflets prematurely dry,
Falling in eddies on the turf at last,
Torn from each bending bough o'er every glade
are cast.

Wake ! since soft friendship listens to the chime,
And bids a trembling hand attune the shell,
Gently forbearant though imperfect time,
And notes discordant should disturb the spell :
Wake ! for of sacred theme I fain would sing,
Transport the listener to the olive grove,
Where, 'mid the clustering vines in budding spring,
Hidden in perfumed bower, the turtle dove
Bids gentle echoes rise in answering notes of love.

A traveller, worn with toil and care,
Yet of majestic mien and air,
Through Sion's portal bent his way,
Mid shadows of declining day.
Though in the deep the sun had set,
Lingered the lights o'er Olivet ;
While rising Cynthia's silver beam
Had gently kissed soft Kedron's stream.
Up the ascent the pilgrim strained,
But scarce the ridge his steps attained,
Ere quickly gliding down the linn,
He left and lost the city's din,
And sought beneath the mountain's breast
At eventide his hour of rest,
Where vine and olive breathe in balm,
And all is still, and cool, and calm.
A door in welcome opens wide :
Behold the evening meal supplied :
One maiden furnishes the board,
The other listens to her lord.
And who is she with form of grace,
With radiant eye and classic face,
With beaming smile and forehead fair,
And braided tress of golden hair ?
Low at his feet she sits apart,
Drinks every word into her heart

That from his gracious lips distils,
As falls the dew o'er Hermon's hills,
Harkens, entranced, the wondering maid,
While his dark future he pourtrayed,
And marvels much as he would trace
The hidden mysteries of grace.
How his beloved the Father gave,
The sinner to redeem and save ;
How nought but blood could ransom pay,
And roll the withering curse away ;
How e'en in death He'd conqueror be,
And rise victorious, fair, and free ;—
How to the sepulchre He'd go,
And yet corruption fail to know ;—
How when Salvation's work was done,
He'd soar triumphant to his throne,
And seraphim would wave their wings
In homage to the King of kings !
Such were the sounds sweet Mary heard,
While listening to her gracious Lord ;
Minute by minute hasted by,
Yet firmly fixed her moistened eye ;
The silent gaze and lips apart
Revealed the secret of her heart ;
Told how to Him that soul was given,
Who to redeem it came from heaven.

The scene dissolves—and now appear
The wilds of Ephraim, dark and drear ;
Rocks piled on rocks upheave on high
Their rugged ramparts to the sky ;
Grim silence reigns o'er plain and hill,
From crag to cavern all is still ;
No sound disturbs the live-long day,
Save Jordan chafing on his way.
Here holds the Prince of Peace his court,
Far from the busy world's resort,
Where nature mute her homage pays,
And at his feet her tribute lays.
And who are they who round him press,
The tenants of this lone recess ?
No defter courtiers find we here
Than fishermen from yonder mere,
Who left their nets—their boats—their all—
Obedient to his sovereign call.
To sage discourse they listen now,
With eye intent and thoughtful brow,
Till truth breaks in on every soul,
As light o'er young creation stole.
But hark ! a sound has startled all,
'Tis not some craglet's sudden fall,
Impending from on high ;
For lo, at intervals they hear
That sound again advancing near,—

Nearer and yet more nigh.
A moment after may you see
A horseman hasting down the lea,
With turban on the wind :
His fiery steed is streaked with foam,
As if on urgent errand come,
Leaving the morn behind.
Lowly obeisance makes he now,
And clears the heat-drops from his brow,
As on his knee he falls ;
Then eager speaks in accents thick,
' Lazarus, of Bethany, is sick,'
' And for thy succour calls !'
Now surely will the Master go
At once into the house of woe ;
The anxious sisters He'll relieve :
Health instantly to Lazarus give.
Yet no, He doth to herald say,
' Friend, turn thee on thy homeward way ;'
And when the messenger was gone,
' To Bethany we go anon.'
Two lingering days they tarried yet,
Two Eastern suns arose and set,
Ere the meek Master gently said,
' To Bethany our course be sped ;
Friend Lazarus sleeps, and we must take
Our journey now to bid him wake.'

Oh strange methinks the course of love!
What ! cannot such a message move
A bosom like our Lord's ?
Can Martha's bidding stir him not ;
Are Mary's silent tears forgot—
More eloquent than words ?
So Joseph once his face withdrew,
Although his brethren well he knew,
His speech all strange and stern ;
And yet meanwhile he wept apart,
And secret sobbed his bursting heart
While lingering to return.
O judge not from appearance given
The hidden purposes of heaven,
Or rash opinion form ;
Unerring wisdom rules on high,
Love guides thine every destiny
In sunshine and in storm.
The snows their silver mantle fling
To nurse the crocus of the spring ;
The darkling cloud descends to shew
The brightness of the girdling bow ;
The sullen darkness of the night
But heralds morn's returning light :
Shadows may wrap the mountain's breast,
But glory gilds his soaring crest.

In Bethany 'twas sad and still,
All pensive trilled the murmuring rill
That moaned the groves among :
The mist-wreath darkened tree and tower,
Wept each mute branch in sylvan bower,
With heavy dew-drops hung.
Each blinded lattice told of death,
Spake every one with bated breath
Who passed along his way.
And mourning crowds crept slowly by,
By custom drawn or sympathy,
That long remembered day.
A company yon gate hath gained,
With garments dank and travel-stained
As if they came from far :
Their Leader you may recognise
By those benignant beaming eyes,—
Mild as some evening star.
Entering, He paused, for one hath come
Forth from yon sad and darkened home ;
And as the stranger sighed,
Methinks I heard the mourner say,
' Hadst thou been here that fatal day'
' My brother had not died !'
' Yet still I know that God will give'
' Whate'er I ask if I believe'
' And trust Him in the skies.'

‘Yes, Martha,’ whispered He who spake,
‘Lazarus who slumbers shall awake ;
‘Thy brother yet shall rise.’
‘I know it, Lord,’ rejoined the maid,—
I know it and am not afraid ;
When the last day shall come,
Obedient to the trumpet-call,
The dead shall waken one and all,
And rise to meet their doom.’
‘Martha !’ replied her wondrous guest,
‘Thou hast in part the truth confessed,
Now hear from me the whole.
That risen life myself am I ;
Believe and live eternally,
In body and in soul.’
The maiden vanished at the word,
Left for awhile her welcomed Lord,
And hastened to her home.
Then called her sister secretly,
‘Mary,’ she cried, ‘at last, ’tis He !’
‘And lo He bids thee come.’
Long-looked for news ! the damsel hears,
And smiling through her scalding tears
Uprises and has flown.
In gentle accents of reproach,
Would she his tender bosom touch,
‘Thou leavest us alone.’

‘Hadst Thou been here, one single breath
Of thine had stopped the course of death,
And bade my brother stay.’

Responsive tears are in his eye,
And Jesus weeps in sympathy ;
Yea, groans along the way.
So have you seen in secret glen,
Far sundered from the haunts of men,
Where brother-mountains meet,
Two kindred streamlets rushing on,
Till banks and brooks at length are one,
Mingling in murmurs sweet.

“ Where have ye laid him ?” Jesus said ?
As led by either eager maid
He follows to the grave.
It was a sepulchre of stone,
By hasty chisel roughly hewn,—
A tomb within a cave.
He bids them roll the rock away,
Before the sepulchre that lay,
Chides unbelieving fears,
Lifts the God-man his face on high,
A beam of light from out the sky
Hath dried at once his tears.
“ Lazarus, come forth !” the high behest
Brings from the charnel house its guest,

The dead man living stands :
For death and hell subserviently,
Both bend beneath their Lord's decree,
And bow at his commands.
His stalwart limbs have grave-clothes bound,
The napkin wraps his head around,
His living face He'd shew.
Addressing now the pressing crowd,
The Saviour speaks with voice less loud,
'Loose him and let him go.'
In wonder lost, in mute surprise,
The gathering concourse round Him rise,
And many Jews believe.
Now see you why did Jesus stay,
Nor hasten, on the wished-for day,
To bid the sick man live?
O trust Him when you cannot trace ;
Leave to his wisdom and his grace,
Whatever may betide :
He knows the windings of the road
Designed to lead thee home to God,
A true and faithful guide.

Shifts now the scene, as beams of light
Alternate with the shades of night ;
Or smiling spring-tide's blushing rose,
Succeeds the frigid winter's snows :

Yet still thou lovely Bethany,
My varied story cleaves to thee.
So winding river turns again,
As loath to leave some verdant plain.
Meandering the soft meads among,
Fringed by the groves alive with song,
Reluctant on its sea-bound way
To roam from scene so glad and gay.
'Tis Simon's feast!—his ample board
With Eastern rarities is stored :
Full many a guest of high degree
Shares his rich hospitality,
That risen Lazarus they may meet
Many have come the host to greet ;
While active Martha's skill and care
Are taxed the viands to prepare.
The evening wanes, and Cynthia's ray
Tells the departure of the day ;
And with that beam so sad and fair
Find we the modest Mary there.
Her broken box its perfume pours
Over the head the maid adores :
Nor e'en the costly gift can prove
The fulness of yet costlier love ;
Nor loosened braid of virgin tress,
Nor silent tear nor mute caress.

The Saviour smiles, his heart beats high,
At such unwonted sympathy.
Then speaks aloud, 'Where'er the tale
Of this blest gospel shall prevail,
Within the world's extended span—
'Twas thus the Master's mandate ran—
'I bid you tell to bond and free
The deed of her of Bethany!'

Hushed is my harp, its cadence now is still,
Soft scenes of Palestine dissolve again ;
Melts from my vision Olivet's fair hill,
Like frosty fabric from the window pane ;
Kedron no longer murmurs in mine ear,
Pales the bright temple on Moriah's height,
Mount Zion's ramparts fainter now appear,
And gentle Bethany all lost to sight ;
Enchantment weaves no more, reft of its brief
delight.





The Joys of Retrospect.

ARGUMENT.

MEMORY! How wonderful the gift. One distinguishing characteristic of intelligent creaturehood.—Recollection of angels.—Term improperly applied to the unchanging God.—Early reminiscences—infancy—childhood—of places—persons—words—former events—early joys—sorrows—loves—friendships—those departed. Imperfect impressions—ideas—hopes—sentiments—religious opinions—ordinances—Lord's days—memories in advancing years—decline—death—memory a chief ingredient in the happiness of a future state.

AUTUMN approaches ! shortened now the day,
Heavier the dew-drop on the drooping spray,
Anon the fitful breeze moans plaintive by,
Scattering around the leaflets sere and dry.
Yet glow the hillsides in their ruby dress,
And purple heather still the valleys bless,
And lights mysterious smile on grove and glade,
Now gay in sunshine and now sad in shade.
While the soft stillness of the lingering hour
Weaves round the poet spell of magic power—
The glow of autumn in its ruddiest gleam,
Of cordial friendship may an emblem seem ;
And the mild lustre of its lights pourtray,
Thoughts of affection bounding on their way.
I sing the past, fit theme for autumn line,
I sing the past, its joys and griefs combine ;
Call recollection to attune the shell,
Bid reminiscence charm with magic spell.

Mysterious Memory ! God's gift bestowed,
To cheer the pilgrim on life's weary road ;
Special possession, man's own birth-right fair,
Whereto indulgent heaven hath made him heir.
Dim recollection may in brutes appear,
In prancing charger, or in patient steer,
In faithful watch dog, or in nimble hound,
Springing to greet us with elastic bound ;

But place and circumstance must both combine
To prompt remembrance in a breast canine.
Say, do the angels in their bowers on high
Sing to each other of the days gone by ?
Gabriel to Michael speak of periods past,
Athwart whose cycles gathering shades are cast ?
Say, do they tell what worlds have come and gone,
What stars have glimmered, and what suns have
shone ?

What new developments of his design,
Whose awful presence clouds of light enshrine ?
We dare not penetrate the sacred veil,
Or back returning, tell to earth the tale.
And then, methinks, it were but to blaspheme,
To say that memory's echoes wake in Him
Who dwells beyond the measured bounds of time,
For ever changeless on his throne sublime !
With Him those ages that we number o'er,
As waves successive sinking on the shore ;
With Him those ages that are yet to be,
Are but the pulses of eternity,
Nor past, nor future claim their narrow place, —
One boundless present reigns before his face !
Mine the possession, mine be to employ
The treasured talisman in grateful joy.
Return ye visions of my infant days,
Bright in the radiance of life's orient rays ;

Yes, I am there! once more I roam as free,
As wingèd songster, or as sportive bee;
Scenes of my childhood now surrounding seem
Vivid as landscape in some waking dream:
The modest manse, where first my breath I drew;
The tower half-hidden rising into view,
The sylvan valley with its murmuring rill,
The swelling upland, and the soaring hill;
The well known nursery, and time-worn toy,
Now tears recalling, and now bursts of joy.
And she, sweet mother of my heart, is there,
Folding my infant hands in evening prayer;
I feel the softness of her nightly kiss,
And thrill responsive with remembered bliss;
Each cherished feature of that face I see,
As when that eye indulgent beamed on me.
And he, no less beloved, mine honored sire,
Towards whose high model I would fain aspire,
Speaks in those accents I can ne'er forget,
Whose gentle cadence fondly lingers yet:
The words of wisdom from those lips that fell,—
Advice, rebuke, or praise, recorded well.
Say, do those parents, passed into the sky,
Look down upon us from their bowers on high?
Say, are they mindful of those fields of strife,
Where once they battled for their crown of life?

There are who tell us that these earthly things,
Can never mingle with their communings ;
That when their raptured spirits soared away,
They left behind them thoughts of time for aye ;
But kindling poesy and ardent faith,
Yield no such triumphs to the conqueror Death ;
And gentle hope hath better news to bring,
Softly descending on her buoyant wing.
The Alpine peasant from that snow-capped crest,
Where the lone eagle builds his lofty nest,
Eyes far beneath him, wrapt in verdant grove,
The trellised chalèt that retains his love ;
Nay e'en that eagle on his skyward way,
Poised on some cloud, would fading scenes survey,
Till one by one they melted from his view,
As through the ether he ascendant flew.
And shall those spirits passed the veil within,
Lose all remembrance of a world of sin ?
Nay ! wider sympathy to them is given,
Now they have blended with their common heaven.
Our guardian angels, though we see them not,
Terrestrial kindred they have ne'er forgot ;
They smoothe the barrier and point out the way,
Comfort they whisper and dark fears allay,
Waving their pinions in serene delight,
They beckon upwards to the realms of light !

But place, as person, doth remembrance bring,
While of the past on autumn eve I sing.
The verdant meadow, midst whose flowers I played,
The breezy sea-beach where my feet have strayed,
The grassy hillside, and the mossy cave,
Whence springs are gushing with their crystal
 wave ;
The elm-girt pool, where mimic fleet I've sailed,
Till fallen bough to thwart its course prevailed ;
Each trim parterre and garden-alley green,
With velvet lawn, and smiling shrubs between ;
The ivied gables 'neath whose ancient shade
I coned the classic, or the sum essayed ;
The old grey steeple, and the evening bell,
When the soft shadows of the moonlight fell,
And sacred stillness reigned on all around,
Sleeping unbroken on the hallowed ground ;
No summit rises to its kindred skies,
No timbered valley 'neath its shadow lies ;
Scarce a lone hedge-row stretched along the plain,
But wakes fond memories of past hours again !
The very turnings of the road convey
Words else forgotten of the by-gone day ;
Whole conversations dart into the mind,
As distant chimes are wafted on the wind.
Oft as I gaze on some familiar scene,
While the soft sunset gilds the coppice green,

The present vanishes like varying shade,
On furrowed hillside by the mist-wreath made ;
I dwell surrounded by the sacred past,
The spell elysian o'er my being cast.
Yes ! 'twas the stillness of yon silent grove
That heard the secret of my earliest love ;
Yon sparkling brooklet warbling down the burn,
Murmured responsive to that loves return :
Yes, 'twas the margin of yon swelling sea,
Where earth's lone limit meets immensity
That caught the whisper of young friendship's tale,
And bore its ardours on the rising gale.
Thy words, Philander, sound within mine ear,
Thy long-loved features each to me appear,
Though half my life has winged its flight away,
Since we together watched the dashing spray,
And marked the billow lave the sea-bird's breast,
Where he sat cradled in his noontide rest.
Youthful divines, we conned our sermons o'er,
Pacing the sands that fringe that well known shore ;
Compared the thoughts that welled in either brain,
While suns descending sank beneath the main ;
Told of our loves, our griefs, our joys, our cares,
Mingled our hopes, our prospects and our prayers,
Till twilight's mantle stole o'er tree and tower,
And called us homewards at the evening hour.

But no blest traces of departed days
That wake the harpings of these autumn lays,
Transcend the visions of those Sabbaths flown,
Linked with the loved ones, who like them are
gone.

Whether on spring-tide flowers, that morn arose,
Or dawning Sabbath crimsoned winter's snows,
Or Lord's-day lustre summer brightened still,
Or autumn Sunday glowed on down and hill.
There was an influence in that hallowed ray,
That seemed twice heaven-born on the sacred day,
As if the pearly gates had opener stood,
And forth had issued some refulgent flood,
Gilding the circle of the earth abroad,
With radiance borrowed from the throne of God.
The mellowed music of the matin psalm,
The prayer succeeding with its healing balm,
That soothed the spirit torn by weekly woe,
And raised it heavenwards from its cares below.
The answering utterance of the steeple's voice,
That bade God's children in his courts rejoice ;
The tide of praise within those courts that rolled
The Church's earnest of the harps of gold ;
The holy prayers in solemn accents said,
The "lively oracles" distinctly read,
The gospel-message from the "pulpit throne,"
Softening to flesh the heart of stubborn stone ;

The sacred table and the mystic bread,
The cup, outshadowing blood by Jesus shed;
All these successive while I sing arise,
As tears unbidden gather in mine eyes.
When hallowed Christmas, with the closing year,
Would in its silvery vest of snow appear,
Again rehearsing the glad Bethlehem tale,
How would each thrilling breast the season hail.
The Christmas holly garnished forth the hall,
The Christmas blaze illum'd the mottoed wall,
The Christmas fare regaled both serf and lord,
Seated at yule-tide at their common board.
All feuds forgotten through that blending love,
That brought the Saviour from the realms above.
The dying twelve-month passed on muffled chime,
The new-born period gleamed at morning prime,
Full many a present hastening to convey,
To gladden host and guest on New-Year's Day.
Or when advancing months the time brought
round,
When the young primrose blossomed on the ground,
And showery April sparkled all the while,
Like infant eyelash bright with tear and smile,
Mute Nature's sympathies round Calvary met,
And wept and watched on fragrant Olivet.
O! priceless passion of my bleeding Lord,
O! lingering echoes of his dying word,

O! cruel cross, and wreath of twisted thorn,
O! robe of purple and O reed of scorn,
O! rifled sepulchre, with prisoner fled,
Which told him living whom they mourned as
dead;

By memory prompted, as by present thought,
By every sentiment to Zion brought,
I yield the tribute of a contrite heart,
Like her who weeping silent stands apart,
While fumes of fragrance through the chamber
rise,

As breath of incense from the morning skies.
Oh! there were feelings in those days of yore,
I fain would welcome to this breast once more,
When first religion, like the morning broke,
And to my inmost soul my Saviour spoke,
In the sweet accents of his pleading love,
Softly descending from the realms above;
When came the answer to my earliest prayer,
Nor fear, nor doubt, nor darkness, harboured
there;

But childlike trust reposed in peaceful rest,
As sleeps the infant on his mother's breast;
And the fresh promise, like the dawning ray,
Quivered in earnest of the rising day!
Oft have I wandered from the shepherd's side,
Wayward and wilful from my watchful guide,

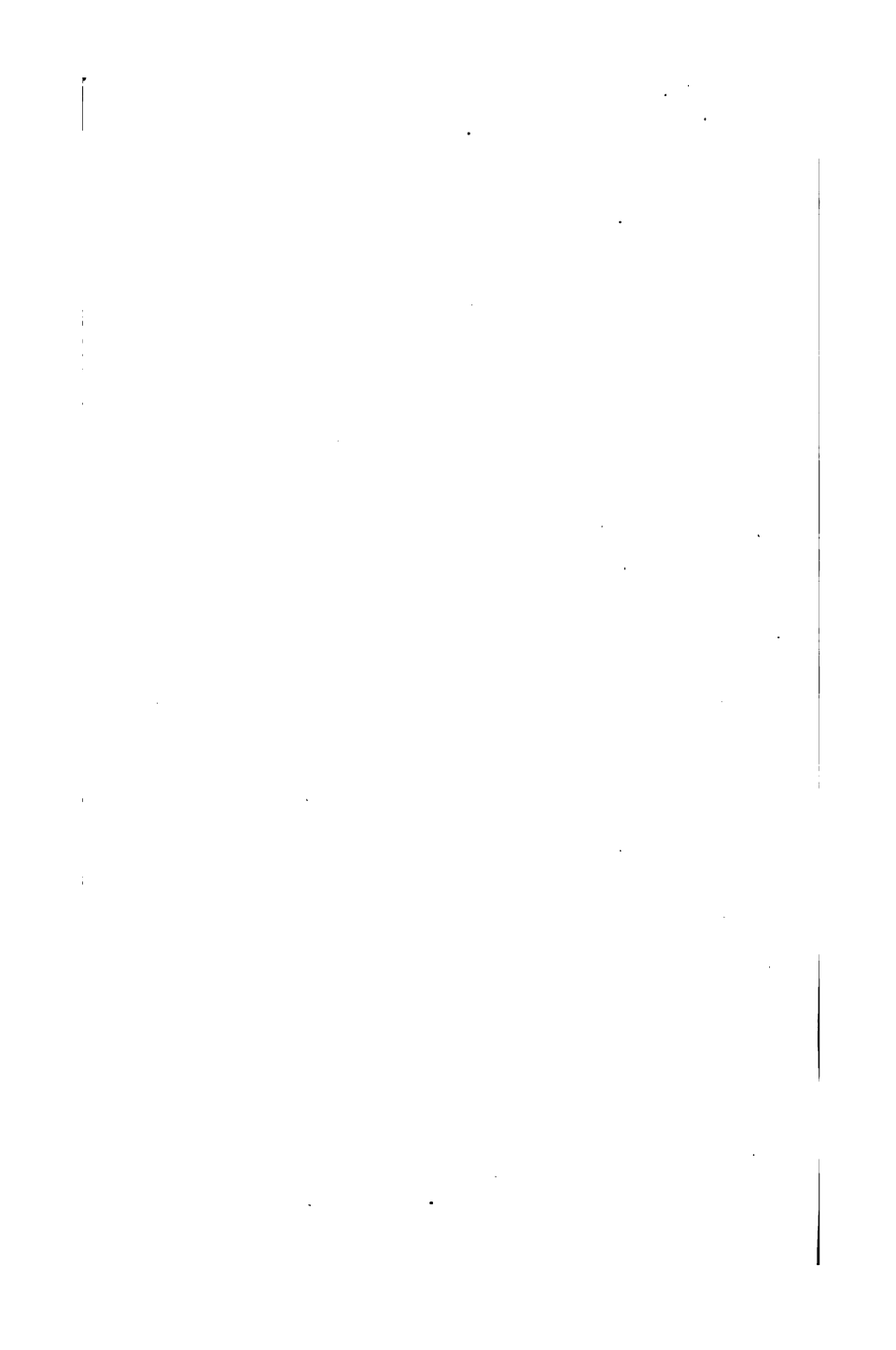
A witless sheep within the desert wild,
From the green pastures and the fold beguiled,
Where the glad waters sparkle as they pass,
And the gay clover blossoms 'mid the grass,
Till the lone wastes before me lay outspread,
And the grim darkness brooded round my head.
Here had I fallen o'er some treacherous cliff,
Had not the shepherd flown to my relief,
Pursued the wanderer through the tangled shade,
Restored the lost one, on his shoulder laid,
Gladdened the angels in their bowers on high,
Woke the responses of their sympathy!
Chide not the minstrel, mute indulgence yield,
While thus he lingers in the favourite field.
So have you turned once more to feast your eye
With the rich garniture of evening sky,
Watched the sun sinking to his ocean rest,
While yet one day-beam struggled in the west.
So gazed, entranced, from some high soaring hill,
The living landscape growing lovelier still.
So listened fondly to the thrilling strain,
And bade the harper strike those notes again.
So chid the moments vanishing away,
Of friendship's converse on some parting day.
My race is o'er, the goal is well nigh won,
The point projected ere the course begun ;

Wake but once more ye soundings of my shell,
Then softly ceasing, meekly breathe farewell.
Nor ear hath heard, nor prescient eye foreseen,
While yet times curtain darkly hangs between,
The joys awaiting in that blissful place,
Where the Eternal manifests his face !
Say, who shall paint the walls of precious stone,
Or emerald sea beneath the azure throne ;
Or pearly portals, yielding to unfold,
The shining vistas and the streets of gold ?
Or tree of life adorned with pendant fruit,
Or crystal river gliding at its root ?
Who shall describe the robes of dazzling white,
Or waving palm-branch of the saints in light ?
Say, who hath listened while the blessed converse,
That heavenly themes he may to earth rehearse ?
Or watched the meeting of expectant love,
Like waters mingling round some islet grove ?
Yet may conjecture venture to express
That one ingredient of the happiness,
Amongst the glorified must surely be,
To glance on time from high eternity.
Mark the pedestrian who yon summit gains,
Toil-worn and weary from the sultry plains,
Stretched on some lichened rock beneath the
 crest,
Where summer clouds a moment pause to rest—

Where sacred stillness reigns the wastes abroad—
And earth stands breathless as she nears her God!
See how he traces from the soaring height,
On map-like level stretched before his sight,
The devious windings of his previous way,
As erst his course through yonder valley lay.
Now gleams the path along the verdant glade,
Now is it lost in forest's darkling shade:
Now fording torrent, now ascending hill,
Traversing meadow, washed by gentle rill;
And thus the saint, exalted in the skies,
Surveys life's mazes with admiring eyes;
Traces the turnings of the tearful road
That led him upwards to the Mount of God,
Gazes with wonder on the perils past,
Praises the hand that brought him home at last!



ESGATIVE POEMS





FUGITIVE POEMS.



In Memoriam.

WE bore him on his churchward way;
With gentle step and slow;
Darkling November round us lay,
In sympathetic woe!

Came whispering by the autumn breeze
His early pall to wave:
And all around the golden leaves
Hang drooping o'er his grave.

In muffled tones the village knell
Sighed forth its plaintive strain,
Responsively the tale to tell
Far o'er the silent plain.

Full many a rustic pressed around
Last debt of love to pay;
And all throughout the burial-ground
Was crowded on that day.

'Twas just beneath the steeple shade
We hallowed his last home ;
And there our treasured trust we laid
Softly within the tomb.

Say, wherefore in the prime of years
Our brother laid we there ?
Why early flow those bitter tears
For one so young and fair ?

Why was the pastor torn away,
The flock no more to guide ;
Say, why within one little day
Our brother drooped and died ?

His place in heaven was waiting him,
His work on earth was done ;
Then came the angels beckoning him
Up to his blood-bought crown !

So dry we then our weeping eyes,
We must assuage our pain ;
He whispers to us from the skies,
"Your loss is but my gain!"

Yes, we will strive to follow thee,
Where thou art gone before,
And swell the song of victory
On Canaan's blissful shore.

And when the scalding waves of grief
Come welling o'er our brain,
This cordial shall infuse relief,
"Thou shalt be raised again."



Psalm lxxii.

UNTO the King Thy judgments, Lord, supply,
Nor to his son Thy righteousness deny;
Then o'er Thy host with justice shall he reign,
And from oppression save the humble swain.
Plenty and peace the mountains shall bestow,
And liquid equity in streams shall flow;
The simple peasant shall no foeman fear,
For dark malignity shall disappear.
Long as the sun looks forth in morning light,
Long as the moon beams soft in silent night,
Long as succeeding generations rise,
Thy praise Jehovah shall ascend the skies.
As summer showers some sparkling fleece bedew,
As genial rain-drops bring sweet flowers to view,
Jehovah Jesus shall from heaven come down,
And plenty bring, and glory, and renown.
From sea to sea His kingdom shall extend,
From flood to flood, to earth's remotest end;
They of the desert shall before Him fall,
And kings and captains shall His arm enthrall.
Her best and choicest shall Arabia bring,
And Saba welcome heavens descending king;
Into his ear shall rise the orphan's plea,
Friend of the friendless and the faint is He.

Mysterious Memory.

MYSTERIOUS Memory! I woo thy magic
power

Awhile to gather back the by-gone hour ;
Amidst life's turmoil grant me this relief,
To soothe my sorrows and assuage my grief.

Years, changeful years, have fled since childhood's
hours

Bestrewed life's pathway with their smiling flowers;
And buoyant hope, and fancy free and gay,
In golden tints presaged life's after day.

Simple the parsonage was in times of yore,
When vines and roses clustered round the door,
And new-placed shrubs just marked the garden
ground,

Ere yet the thriving belt had fenced us round.

Rare then the music of the mower's scythe—
Of all gay sounds the gayest and most blythe—
Our lawns and glades their pasturage supplied
For flocks that grazed our elm-girt pool beside.

Save hardy plants and flowers of little worth,
Few bloomed around us in our garden-earth ;
Yet did each spring delight our ravished view,
With hawthorns, lilacs, and laburnums too.

Stepping within the low-browed entrance door,
Little attracted strangers to explore;
Arts of the chisel and the brush combined,
In stone, wood, canvas, was it rare to find.

And yet did happiness surround us then—
Joy, peaceful joy, we may not find again;
One dwelt there with us whose enkindling smile
Shone like the beams which summer hours beguile.

My cherished parent! I am young again,
As thy dear name leaps from my willing pen;
And thy loved lineaments before me rise,
Though thrice ten years have seen thee in the skies.

Each fond remembrance from my cradle-days
Mingles, my father, with thy looks and ways;
No childish memories rise there, but entwine
With deeds, and words, and tenderness of thine.

No infant tear-drop gathered in mine eye,
That other hand like thine at once could dry;
No sport, or toy, or pastime brought to me,
One half the transport as a smile from thee.

The magic tale imagination weaved,
Fell from thy lip by my young heart believed;
And every game its zest and spirit found,
When with thy interest and thy love 'twas crowned.

Thy soft suggestions taught thy child to pray,
Thy mild corrections stopped the wanderer's way;
And holy peace and gentle influence shed
Thy kind caresses on my boyish head.

Oft have I prayed, and wept, and found relief
From life's rude turmoil and from spirit-grief;
But never did I love the hour of prayer,
As at thy knees when God and thou wert there.

Virgil and Horace at thy side I read,
Through Greek tragedian was I by thee led,
While holier pages opened by thine aid,
Deeper impressions on my spirit made.

Or gay, or grave, in study, or in play,
In nightly visions, or in deeds by day;
In childhood, youth, in budding manhood free,
My friend and father, thou wert all to me.

Say, when I loved thee most, why called on high?
Why didst thou suddenly and early die?
Ere while my heart replied—my soul confessed—
I had enshrined an idol in my breast!

Now thou art gone, and I thy cherished child,
Have wandered on through life's adventurous wild;
Half hoping, half afraid, I shall thee find,
When these dark mazes far are left behind.

Say, shall I join thee in that blest retreat,
Where living fountains lave the pilgrim's feet ;
Where festering thorns no more the bosom tear,
But joy looks forth upon an Eden fair ?

Sometimes methinks I hear thy spirit say,
' Be firm and faithful on thy rugged way ;'
' And thou ere long shalt gain the heavenly height '
' And scan the prospect, ravished with delight !'

Oh yes, my father, I will onward bound,
Plant firm my staff, and draw my girdle round ;
Through yielding conflicts will I forward tread,
Love's guardian banner floating o'er my head.

And if at length, through sovereign grace alone,
I sit beside thee on the Saviour's throne,
We'll blend together our adoring lays,
And sing in concert our Redeemer's praise.

And now, sweet muse, I bless thy soothing power,
For the soft solace of this wingèd hour ;
Now must I turn me backward to the strife,
Lay down the pen, and meet the storm of life.

Sunday Evening at Dolgelly.

AS softly 'neath the mountain crest
The Sabbath sun-light sinks to rest,
Gilding with glow of heavenly fire
"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,"
I praised the hand which formed from clay
This wondrous world, yon orb of day ;
Which spread the plain and raised on high
The soaring mountains to the sky ;
Which bid the sea majestic roll
With swelling waves from pole to pole ;
Which gemmed the firmament from far
With planet bright and twinkling star ;
And then by his unchanging word,
Made mortal man creation's Lord.
I praised yet more the wondrous love
That brought my Saviour from above,
When He beheld with pitying grace,
Sin and its curse this earth deface,
And gave his life away,
That sinners might look up and live,
And pardon from his hand receive,
In realms of heavenly day.

Christmas.

HAIL sacred festival! I haste to-day
To greet thine advent with a rustic lay ;
 Ye angels, tune my lyre,
While I with willing fingers sweep
Those chords that bid me smile and weep
 As I to sing aspire.

Since Constantine the Roman throne
Climbed but to make the world his own,
 And scatter heaven's pure light,
Albion has greeted Bethlehem's star,
Around her coasts or near or far,
 Beaming with radiance bright.

Each rolling age some tribute brings—
Some offering to the King of kings,
 As did the seers of old,
When frankincense with myrrh entwined,
Their varying hues and scents combined,
 With gifts of Eastern gold.

In earlier times the festal board,
Encircled by the serf and lord,
 The ample hall displayed ;
While youth and age rejoiced in pairs,
Both auburn locks and hoary hairs,
 The matron and the maid.

Turkey, and goose, and capon fair,
Furnished the festival so rare,
 And brave old oxen fell ;
And toast-brown'd ale and wassail bowl,
From host to guest stirred every soul,
 Prompting grim tales to tell.

Holly, and mistletoe, and yew,
Hung round as thick as if they grew
 Forth from the 'scutcheoned wall ;
And brave yule log its lustre shed,
Blazing from out its ashy bed
 Along the ancient hall.

And carol band before the gate,
With brightened eye and heart elate,
 Advance for Christmas cheer ;
And sing of shepherds watch by night,
When lustrous beams of heavenly light
 Kindled both hope and fear.

Forth from the ivied tower hard by
Rose the loud peal's rich melody,
 Borne on the midnight breeze ;
While winter o'er the churchyard hung,
And cold his snowy mantle flung
 O'er tombstones, graves, and trees.

Sober the garb religion wore—
Sincere yet sober thoughts of yore—
 Rose in the churchman's breast ;
Then holy hymns for "Church and King!"
And sacred carols would men sing
 Ere came the hour of rest.

Meek deference then her charm would weave,
And lowliness her courtsey give,
 With mute and blushing grace,
Ere liberalism's fatal spell
Scorched as with blasting flames of hell
 The present century's face.

O fair and happy days gone by,
When Albion's aristocracy
 Graced well their feudal halls !
And banner waved from dungeon keep,
And turrets frowned from craggy steep
 Along the lichened walls.

Yet up and down in England yet
There linger those who would forget
 The spirit of the day ;
Old tory hearts that still would sing
Their "three-times-three for Church and King!"
 From eve to morning ray.

If on your rounds you chance to light
On such a true-born ancient wight,
 Bid him to Lympsham come ;
Essay our door on Christmas-eve,
When jovial welcomes we will give—
 Make such a guest at home.

Still shall he see the yule log glow,
All blazing on the hearth below—
 Still taste the Christmas cheer,
Still see the berried holly smile,
Still with gay song the gloom beguile
 That waits the changing year !

Hurrah once more for Church and King
Ye lads and lassies each one sing !
 The altar and the throne ;
“What God hath joined let none divide :”
He can be nought but parricide
 Who would our Church disown !

May fair Victoria's latest days
Be crowned with amaranthine bays,
 Peace, plenty, and renown ;
And love, and loyalty, and truth,
Refresh our age, adorn our youth,
 And on our babes look down.

He came to Bethany and Lodged there.

WHERE the mountain's towering crest
Beetles o'er the sunny vale,
Jesus seeks his evening rest
In the village of the dale ;
From the day's distraction free,
In the arms of Bethany.

Men the man of sorrows spurned :
Christ they saw but to deride ;
Few his heavenly teachings learned
At his feet or by his side ;
Yet he found sweet sympathy
In the home of Bethany.

Nightly did the Lord retire
Through that sad and holy week ;
Where, beside her lowly fire,
Mary sat so mute and meek,
Waiting till her guest should be
In repose at Bethany.

Ofttimes thought He on his way
Of the vials of wrath in store,
That upon the dreadful day
God would forth o'er Zion pour ;
Then thought Jesus, mine shall flee,
Like their Lord to Bethany !

Sometimes mused He on the pain
He descended to endure :
Sold, and crucified, and slain,
He must thus our life procure ;
Yet, said Christ, all past shall be
When I soar from Bethany.

Outcast was the King of kings
On the earth he came to bless ;
Fox that roams and bird that sings,
Each find home and happiness ;
But my Saviour scorned is He,
Save in little Bethany.

Here the broken box poured forth
Fragrant spikenard, rich and rare ;
Love its store of priceless worth
Flung without one sordid care ;
For the links of sympathy
Blended hearts in Bethany.

Saviour, I like her would sit,
Who the "good part" meekly chose ;
Now reclining at Thy feet,
Till I on Thy breast repose ;
Till we meet the family
Thou didst bless in Bethany.

Good-Night!

STILL are the magic notes that fell,
Silent the melting strain ;
Yet memory weaves enchantment's spell,
And brings each back again.

"Good-night!" in "whispers" soft and low
Is speaking in mine ear ;
And yet returning will not go—
"Good-night!" again I hear.

"Good-night!" it telleth much to me
Though oft upon the tongue ;
A solemn word it seems to be
Our household words among.

"Good-night!" 'tis courtesy's address
When passing rustics meet,
When the glad light is growing less
All up the village street.

"Good-night!" 'tis friendships fond farewell
When golden hours are gone ;
And shadow, star, and twilight tell
Of the departing sun.

“Good-night!” it is the mother’s voice
Breathed with the last caress,
That makes each infant heart rejoice
And to her bosom press.

“Good-night!” the pensive sufferer cheers,
As on the couch of pain
He lies, and longs, mid hopes and fears,
For morning beams again.

“Good-night!” it was the last adieu
The darkened chamber heard :
When back the curtain next we drew
No living whisper stirred !

“Good-night!” it is the sound of earth,
It may not reach to heaven ;
“Good-night!” it is of mortal birth,
Above ’tis never given.

There is “no night” around the throne,
For God’s unchanging ray,
Floods with a lustre all His own
The realms of endless day !

To an Absent One at Christmas-tide.

AS round our blaze at Christmas-tide
We cluster blithe and free :
More guests there are each chair beside
Than those these eyes can see.

Those that once mingled with us here,
But long have soared away,
To our soul's eye again appear
On this our Christmas-day.

So clear before our inner view
Their well-known features rise,
That we can scarce believe it true,
They've past into the skies.

And more than these, full many a friend
On earth, yet severed far,
Seems to come back to us to spend
The day of Bethlehem's star.

Think not that Gunga's thirsty plain,
Or India's palmy grove,
Can 'neath their sultry skies retain
The whole of her we love.

Again at jovial Christmas-tide
Her joyous notes we hear ;
And gaily tripping by our side
She wakes the glad New Year.

The body is but outward case,
The glittering blade to hold ;
The casket only to embrace,
The gem more bright than gold.

The soul can wander wide and free,
Forth from corruption's clog ;
And distant friends come back to me,
Around my Christmas log !



Pleasure and Duty.

'TWAS a fine summer morning and bright
shone the sun,
As forth from the mountains his race he begun ;
Miss Pleasure passed by me, all radiant in glee,
And gaily invited, " Come trip it with me !"

So away we both rambled all through the green
wood,
While plucking the flowerets to twine in her snood;
And the ring of her laughter was merry and gay,
As blithe as the brooklet that danced in our way.

Yet the sun had scarce climbed to his throne in
the sky,
Ere her smiles were all darkened and sullen her
eye ;
And while I was musing the reason to trace,
She turned round and gave me a slap in the face.

'TWas a bleak winter dawning, and driftings of
rain
Rattled rudely in gusts on the dark window pane ;
Dame Duty awoke me, as sternly she said,
' Thy slumbers are over, arise from thy bed !'

So away we set forth on the round of the day,
The wild winds were out o'er the snow as it lay;
While sternly she wended her course up the hill,
And as we ascended walked moody and still.

Yet when we had climbed it, so pleasant she grew,
That says I to myself, 'What can it be you?'
And when I looked next on the face of my guide,
Methought 'twas an angel that walked at my
side!



The Choristers.

YES, sing together, as ye yonder stand ;
Mingle your voices, clasp each other's hand :
Triad of sisters, by that cord entwined,
Which binds together kindred mind to mind.

Yes, sing together, through life's little day,
Though clouds may hover round the morning ray ;
The soul of gladness speaks the chords among,
The voice of sadness melts in plaintive song.

Yes, sing together when this life is o'er,
And earthly harp-strings shall resound no more ;
With notes yet sweeter may your voices rise,
In threefold chorus in the joyous skies.

Psalm lxxiii.

ARISE, Jehovah! Let opposers flee,
And those who hate Thee, peeled and scattered be:
Like morning smoke-wreaths vanish as they rise,
Like wax that blazeth in the flame, and dies.

But let the righteous march their joyous way,
In Thee exulting through the live-long day;
Praising Thy name who on the clouds dost ride,
Like some fair charger whom his Lord doth guide.

Parent of orphans, lonely widow's friend!
Into thine ear the captive's groans ascend;
Thy tender love entwines the peaceful home,
Rapacious renegades the world may roam.

When forth from Seir Thou in might did'st go,
The trembling earth was quaking from below;
The answering heavens shed forth their sacred
dew,
And Sinai shuddered at the awful view.

Yet did Thy gentle rain the earth meanwhile,
Refresh and gladden till the deserts smile;
In fragrant valleys did the people rest,
With rich provision was the pilgrim blest.

Forth went the word, and heralds wide proclaim,
The solemn mandate in Jehovah's name ;
The spoils of chieftains, e'en the children raise,
In glistening trophies to Jehovah's praise.

Though amid potsherds ye have lately lain,
Cowering in dust along the inglorious plain ;
Like some fair dove, ye now to heaven shall rise,
With sparkling pinions to her kindred skies.



Micheldever.

THE changeful years with rapid course have
fled,
Since first I bounded with elastic tread
Up the greensward of these refreshing leas,
And blest the shadow of those branching trees.
Full many a scene unbidden darts to mind,
With some connected who are left behind,
With others linked, on whom I gaze no more,
Who once were with us, but have gone before :
Yon nestling village in its woody dell ;
Yon peaceful parsonage known and loved so well ;
Yon lordly elms and triple beeches nigh ;
Yon ashes graceful 'neath a summer sky ;
Yon modest school-house, picturesque as yore,
With clustering creepers mantling round the door,
With loftier alms-house rising up behind,
'Twixt the twin elms that limbs embracing bind ;
Yon ivied tower with gently rising vane ;
Now almost hidden in the wooded plain ;
Yon swelling slopes that round the valley rise,
Which each its crop of wavy corn supplies.
All these suggestive, crowd before my gaze,
And many a vision of the part upraise ;
Abundant mercies have to me been given,
In blest succession from indulgent heaven.

Since first a stranger to this place I came,
Twenty-three years gone past, the month the
same ;

Since first thy winning smile I learned to praise,
Endeared companion of my after days ;
Or felt the pressure of thy outstretched hand,
Thou faithful sister, where I saw thee stand,
When first a timid glance around I stole,
That wafted welcomes to the wanderer's soul,
Harp's and piano's blended notes combined,
To soothe the sorrows of the wanderer's mind,
And lull the anxious thoughts of care to rest,
That long were surging in his aching breast,
Can I forget the shouts of merry glee
That evening echoing from the nursery ;
Or maiden visitor or college friend
That came vacation in these dales to spend ?
Or morning pic-nic to the Grange essayed,
Or fiery steed that all the guests conveyed ;
Or the sad parting, when the evening came,
With oft-heaved sigh and oft-repeated name ?
My gentle sister and my loving wife,
Ye gladdening blessings of my happy life,
Accept the tribute of impromptu lay,
That "up the fields" I meditate to-day ;
Nor spurn regardless my unfragrant flower,
That climbs the trellis of your summer bower,

My Soul doth wait for Him more than they
that look for the Morning.

THE weary sentry on his round
Waits for the morn's returning ray ;
As twilight steals along the ground,
And golden streaks foretell the day.

The shipwrecked sailor strains the eye,
That o'er the deep he first may see,
Morn's gentle blushes on the sky,—
Hope in his dread extremity.

The sufferer on his pillow laid,
Counting the weary hours of night ;
Blesses the struggling beam conveyed
Through eastern casement of God's light.

He that has climbed the mountain's brow,
While slumberers in the valleys slept,
That he might catch the tints which now,
Straight from the car of morn have leapt.

Kindling the kindred peaks that soar,
Turning their silver into gold ;
Then gliding from the summits hoar,
And brightening e'en the valleys cold.

These cannot emulate the soul
That waits, O God, till thou appear ;
Till bursting light from pole to pole
Reveals our great Emmanuel here.



The Fleeting Year is Waning.

THE fleeting year is waning,
The leaflets fair decay ;
Yet brighter far in changing,
Then when all green were they.

The purple hills are beaming,
Beneath the slanting ray ;
The full orb'd sun is gleaming,
Across from yonder bay.

The blushing fruits hang pendant,
From every bending bough ;
And golden sheaves resplendent,
Are reaped and garnered now.

And thus does beauteous nature,
Salute thy natal morn ;
And bring her sparkling treasure,
Thy birth-tide to adorn.

May peace and joy attend thee,
From this auspicious day ;
Thy Saviour's grace defend thee,
And guide thine every way.

Alike in joy and sorrow,
May He thy succour be ;
Then leave to Him the morrow,
No care need harass thee.

Our lives are all directed,
By boundless love and power ;
Thus guided and protected,
We'll trust him evermore.



Isaiah xlv.

❷ LORD my God, Thy name to praise,
I will my noblest powers upraise ;
My ceaseless song shall ever bless,
Thy wisdom and thy faithfulness !

The city now a ruin lies
That soared presumptuous to the skies ;
Dreary and waste its walls appear,
Its portals shall no hand uprear.

Yet to the poor Thou art the friend,
Thou dost the succouring arm extend ;
From " storms a shelter," and from heat,
A cooling cloud—a blest retreat.

Wines on the lees their fragrance shed,
Feasts on the mountains thou dost spread ;
Death is no more, and Thou dost dry
Each scalding tear in sorrow's eye.

For Thee, O God, Thy Church doth wait,
For Thee we watch at Zion's gate ;
And while we watch, and wait, and pray,
We sing rejoicing all the day.

Extend Thine arm without—within,
As some bold swimmer forth doth swim;
Destroy the foes that now molest,
Gather Thy children to Thy breast.



I've Wandered through Thy Verdant Glade.

I've wandered through Thy verdant glade,
When every spray fair spring arrayed,
And hung her blossoms gay and free,
From lowly bush to lofty tree.
I've paced Thy lawns when wintry storm
Came howling in terrific form,
Mid clouded moonlight fain to see,
Each rifled bough and trembling tree.
And oft I've called my lusty men,
And blithe they've answered me again,
And we have cheated e'en the gale,
Of elm and pine he caused to quail;
And trusty prop and timely stay,
Have held them 'neath the tempest's sway.
Now from the main the wind sweeps by,
Then gently sinks with plaintive sigh;
Now infant like, with wail distress,
Now like that babe soothed into rest.
Why should I doubt Thy guardian care,
Thy love that listens to my prayer?
For not a branch in dale or hill
Can fall without Thy sovereign will.
O God, that holdest in Thine hand
Both raging sea and far stretched land,

Guide safely thro' the nightly gale,
O'er swelling wave the tattered sail;
And mariner vouchsafe to save,
From sunken rock and watery grave.

.

My prayer is heard,—the sullen storm
Is changing fast his angry form;
In gentler cadence rolls he now,
Less wildly swings the wind-swept bough.
To-morrow shall the matin ray,
Beam softly on the Sabbath-day;
And soaring lark "at heaven's gate sing,"
And tuneful chimes their changes ring.



Search for Happiness.

I sought it in comforts, but comforts brought
cares;

I sought it in riches, but riches proved snares;
I sought it in pleasure, but pleasure said 'Nay';
She smiled in the sun-beam, then faded away.

I sought it in fame, but her laurels hung dead;
Time breathed on the garland she twin'd round
mine head;

I sought it in knowledge, but she waked the sigh;
The more I discovered, the more I'd descry.

I sought it in friends, but the premature tomb
Arrested the flow'ret when scarce in its bloom;
I sought it in visions resplendent and fair,
They vanished like vapours and melted in air.

I sought it at length in Emmanuel's breast—
I found what I sought for, a bruised spirit's rest;
I fled like a dove to the spear-riven side:
By faith I have entered and here I abide.

The storm howls on high, and the night winds are
out,
And the wild waves of ocean are tossing about;
But the firm rock of ages hath closed me around,
Within his recesses I safe shall be found.

When heaven and earth shall have passèd away,
When storms sink in slumber and night yields to
day,

My weary worn spirit her heavings shall cease,
Shine bright in Thy likeness, and share in Thy
peace.



White Heather.

ABOVE the wood-clad dingle,
Where the soft streamlet glides,
The early blooming heather
Hath clothed the mountain sides.

As if in royal purple,
A monarch he'd be clad,
Now that the glow of summer
Hath made creation glad.

But midst this radiant garnish,
So bonnie and so blue,
Behold in graceful contrast
A rarity in view ;

For mingled with the purple,
Like drift of winter's snows,
A tuft of silver-heather
In modest meekness blows.

And thus some sacred friendship,
All fair and fresh and pure,
Apart from ken of strangers,
Lives in the heart secure.

And gladdening with its fragrance,
Its vigour lends to life,
Quickens the soul to action,
And nerves the arm for strife.



Adieu !

YES, it was beautiful that fleecy cloud,
That soared majestic from the gleaming bay ;
A wreath of silver streaked with lustre proud,
Golden reflection of departing ray
From the soft sunset of that summer day,
The last thy kindness to thy friends allowed :
The morrow saw their hearts with parting bowed,
When, like that radiant wreath, thou passed away ;
Be such thine onward course, serene and bright,
Glad with the glory borrowed from on high :
Diffuse around thee beams of deep delight,
Each the fair offspring of a kindred sky ;
And when drawn upwards thou art lost to sight,
In the blue vault of heaven dissolve eternally.

I Slept.

I SLEPT! and lo, a mountain rose,
Ascending to the skies ;
The lightnings flashed, the thunders rolled :
I gazed in dread surprise.

The sundered crags came crashing down,
And midst the startling din,
Jehovah's voice was heard to say,
"That mountain is thy sin."

Still on I slept, when lo, a cloud,
Cinctured with gold passed by ;
A crimson drop of blood distilled
From the bright mist on high.

The mountain vanished as it fell,
The lightnings gleamed no more ;
Sank the grim thunder's angry peal
As wavelet on the shore.

And softer than the turtle dove,
My Saviour's voice did say,
"The blood that I on Calvary shed
Thy sins hath washed away."

The River's Bridge.

THE river's bridge a stranger crossed,
Marked where the vendor stood;
And paying down a lordly price,
Purchased the feathered brood.

Then opening wide the bird-cage door,
He bid the songsters fly;
And one by one on joyous wing
They sought the free blue sky.

Amazed, the wondering salesman cried,
'Oh wherefore didst thou pay
'Thy money for mine aviary,
'Then let them soar away?

'Friend, I was captive long,' he said,
'But now that I'm set free,
'I give to each imprisoned thing
'The sweets of liberty.'

So Jesus paid the price of blood
That he might give release
To every soul enslaved by sin,
And cry, "depart in peace."

Go, like thy Lord, to distant climes,
Proclaim the jubilee ;
Point captives to the open gate,
Set fettered sinners free.



Jacob's Departure.

THE sun has left the radiant west,
The twilight wraps the desert round;
Each bird of day has sought its nest,
A sacred stillness reigns profound.

Far from my home through mazes led,
A stranger on my weary way;
The sand-drift is my only bed,
Pillowed on rocks my head I lay.

Lo, in the silence of the night,
Methinks I hear the angel's song;
Kindles afar the radiant light,
Swells the rich cadence loud and long.

Descending from the cloven skies,
A lustrous ladder hangs in air;
Now sinks and rests before mine eyes,
Then soars aloft all bright and fair.

Celestial visitants alight,
And fold me in their shining wings;
While sister spirits take their flight,
And speed them to the King of kings.

Jehovah from his azure throne,
With voice of mercy deigns to greet ;
Poor wandering Israel stoops to own,
Nor frowns e'en Jacob from his feet.

With such sweet accents in mine ear,
I will arise, pursue my way ;
And wrestle on with doubt and fear,
Believe, and love, serve, and obey.

And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
And toilful wanderings shall cease,
Midst seraphs yonder I'll adore,
Within my Father's house in peace.



Jacob's Return.

THE toilsome road is well nigh past,
And Canaan's hills appear at last ;
And lo, through yonder deep ravine,
Jabbok's lone brook rolls down between :
'Tis silent in the darksome glade,
Yet is not Jacob's heart afraid.

When leaving first his fatherland,
Angels of God around him stand,
Poised on a stair of light sublime,
Down they descend or upward climb :
And now to Mahanaim come,
These guardian hosts receive him home.

But who is He among the rest ?
Ruler and Lord by all confessed ;
The God beams forth in human face,
And none his secret name may trace ;
He that would Peniel's pass essay,
Must wrestle with him by the way.

The patriarch maintains his hold,
For prayer and faith have made him bold ;
A moment foiled on halting limb,
Peril and pain are nought to him,
With force and fire in nerve and eye,
He's sworn to vanquish or to die.

"If thou wilt not thy name confess,
Yet shalt thou me prevailing bless ;"
'Twas thus that wrestling Jacob cried,
And Peniel's echoing rocks replied ;
Jehovah blessed him where he stood,
Crossing the ford of Jabbok's Flood.

"Jacob " no more thy name shall be,
"Israel " in covenant with Me ;
I bid thee welcome to thy home,
No more in Aram's wilds to roam ;
And as a prince thou dost prevail :
Go tell to earth and heaven the tale.

Jesu, like Jacob, as I stand,
I clasp in faith Thy crimsoned hand,
And wrestle on till life be past,
Assured I shall succeed at last ;
Conquered, yet conqueror thro' Thy grace,
Shall learn Thy name and see Thy face.

Derwent Water.

WE sat us down by Derwent's lake,
My little Blanche and I;
The mountains hemmed us all around.
And looked into the sky!

The islets gemmed the lake's fair face,
All wood-bestudded o'er;
Narrowing the mere's expanding breadth
'Twixt this and yonder shore.

The sunbeams kissed the peaks on high,
The mist-wreaths floated past,
And o'er "the jaws of Borrowdale"
A sullen haze was cast.

Oh! bonnie is fair Derwent's lake,
And blithe we all shall be,
As bees that sail 'mid summer flowers,
Or birds on greenwood tree.

O gracious Saviour, deign to smile
On us Thy children here;
Else e'en the beauties of Thy hand
Will fail our hearts to cheer!

The Fountain on Great Gabel.

FAR up the dark recesses
Of lonely Borrowdale,
Where Echo's voice confesses
Her secrets to the gale:
Aloft upon his forehead,
As 'twere a glittering gem,
Lo, a fair basin's quarried,
The mountain's diadem!

Midst lichen'd stones it sleepeth
Which God's own hand hath hewn,
Ever o'erflowing keepeth,
With sparkling pebbles strewn.
Fed now with virgin snowdrift,
And now with summer rain,
This lakelet of the rock-clift
Doth evermore remain.

And panting climber hasteth,
Therein his brows to lave,
And bendeth down and tasteth
The crystal of its wave;
Then standing on its margin
He gazeth from the height,
Where prospect aye enlarging,
Entranceth with delight.

Be like that furrowed mountain,
Soar straight into the sky,
That consecrates its fountain
To Him that dwells on high;
And then at morn and even
Shall sacred dews distil,
And gentle rains from heaven
Thy crystal fountain fill.

Fountain of joy and gladness,
Fountain of grace and truth,
Without one taste of sadness,
Sweeter in age than youth.
Fountain of life and glory,
Round which the angel choir
Recount Redemption's story
On each celestial lyre.

Fountain of bliss unbroken,
Without one ruffled wave,
To Thee of love the token
Of Him who died to save.
That Rock of endless ages
From whence that fountain flows,
Which every grief assuages,
And soothes with heaven's repose.

Railroads in the Lake District.

SAID Skiddaw to Blen Cathara,
‘What can these strange sounds be?
Not such the mountain-echoes
I’m wont to waft to thee!

‘Tis not the winds of heaven,
Waking in midnight moan;
Nor thunder that comes pealing
Straight from Jehovah’s throne.

‘Tis not the streamlet rushing
Along its rock-strewn way;
Now roaring in full current,
Now whispering in soft spray!

‘Hark! hist! again it cometh,
Once and again it came;
O let us ask Helvellyn
If e’er he hears the same?

‘Yes! cried the giant brother,
I’m pondering o’er it too;
I hear it lower, fainter,
Than Saddleback and you.

'As for our far-off kindred,
In lonely Borrowdale,
They say no such disturbance
Hath reached them on the gale.

'Scawfell and Glaramara,
Great End and Gavel proud,
Still catch but angel-tellings
From the descending cloud.

'I'm fearful 'tis that railroad
That men have dared to bring
Near to the tabooed region
Of our enchanted ring.

'If they *must* have their engines,
Puffing with rattling trains,
Need they disturb all England
Till no still nook remains?'

.

Then thought I that each mountain
Withdrew behind its cloud,
Bathing his peaks in heaven,
And left alone with God!

Portinscale.

IN an umbrageous meadow,
Where not a sound is heard,
Save rushing of the leaflets,
By breath of noontide stirred,

'I watch the shadows changing
O'er "every slanting hill;"
Or slumbering on the mountain,
Majestically still!

Now shines some peak all golden,
Sparkling in radiance bright;
Now seems it ebon pillar
As fades the fickle light.

Now are the deep recesses
Within the mountain's breast
Revealed a passing moment,
But hidden in the next.

And thus full half my pleasure
In gazing on the scene,
Is borrowed from the mist-wreaths
That sail the hills between.

So all the clouds and shadows
That float athwart my life,
Relieve its dull monotony,
And nerve me for the strife,

By bringing into vision
Truths otherwise unknown,
And flashing forth bright gleamings
From God's eternal throne!



Farewell to Cumberland.

Ⓢ LAND of poesy ! where bards have sung
To gentlest measures sweetest harps have strung,
My spirit lingers as I breathe 'Farewell !'
Long will thy landscapes in fond memory dwell ;
Now in my vision will Blencathara rise,
Now far stretched Skiddaw leaning on the skies ;
Now the lone wilderness where Scawfell reigns
Lord of the mountains, monarch of the plains ;
Now vast Helvellyn with his verdant crest,
The Red tarn sleeping in his giant breast ;
Now Langdale's summits, and their darksome
ghyll
Cleft in the buttress of the soaring hill ;
Grasmere, and Grisedale, Robinson, and Barf,
The crag of Honister and gap of Scarf ;
Stern Glaramara and the fairy-vale,
That blends beneath him with sweet Borrowdale ;
Loughrigg, the boundary of Winandermere,
Hill-bell and High-street rising in the rear ;
Nab Scar and Fairfield crowding into view ;
Scandell, and Wansfell, with wild Kirkstone too ;
Bowfell, and Wrynose, and their kindred host,
Stretching to Black Comb, guardian of the coast :

All these will pictures vividly supply
When hence far distant to refresh mine eye;
Now shall I sail on Crummock's inland sea,
Now cull the cowslips spangling Esthwaite's lea;
Now gaze in wonder over Wastdale's shore;
Now silent Hawes neath Harterfell explore;
Now mark the hollow formed of mountain sides,
Where wrapt in woodlands grand Ulleswater
glides;

Now Rydal mere from Rydal Mount survey,
From Wordsworth's bower, immortalized in lay;
Now pause in transport, raise the dripping oar
To scan the garniture of Derwent's shore,
Where wood-clad islets kiss the lakelet meek,
As eyelash-fringes sleep on beauty's cheek.

O Recollection! God's great gift to man,
Thou gentle soother of his mortal span,
Pensive, yet lovelier amidst thy tears,
Gathering, in retrospect of by-gone years.

O Expectation! as benignly given,
To beckon onward to a future heaven;
Radiant with smiles that ardent hope supplies,
Gladdening the lip, and sparkling in the eyes;
In your companionship I now return,
Behest obeying of " Dame Duty " stern;
Adjust my armour for the daily strife,
Calmly re-enter the campaign of life!

I Pace the Ocean's Rugged Shore.

I PACE the ocean's rugged shore,
And listen whilst its billows roar ;
And wide across their crested foam
My far-stretched eye delights to roam ;
And written on the boundless sea,
I read my God's Infinity.

I climb at morn the heathery glen,
Apart from haunts of busy men ;
And 'neath the soaring mountain's breast
I watch the cloud that crowns his crest ;
Half veiled within the silent sky,
I read, my God, Thy majesty !

I wander through the cultured plain,
And mark the heavy laden wain ;
And number o'er the shocks of corn,
And flocks which sunny slopes adorn ;
And ere the river meets the flood,
I hear it sing my 'God is good !'

I steal within the sylvan bower,
And breathe the fragrance of the flower
That wastes its odours on the air,
Displays unseen its colours rare ;
Soft breezes through the coppice rove,
And whisper that my 'God is love !'

And is it thus, O Lord, to me
Thy works are witnesses of Thee ;
And sea, and mountain, field, and flower,
Proclaim Thy wisdom, love, and power ?
What must it be in heaven to trace,
And see without a veil Thy face !



The Fairest Flowers.

THE fairest flowers of summer fade,
Pale the bright beams of cloudless day,
Shifts on the mountain's breast the shade,
Ceases the warbling woodbird's lay.

Sinks on the shore the ebbing tide,
As waves in feeble swell retire;
Stars one by one their glories hide,
Melts the soft glow of Cynthia's fire.

But friendship is no thing of earth,
She claims a kindred with the sky;
And sharing a celestial birth,
She may not, dare not, cannot die!

Evening Bells at Rugby.

I HEARD the notes of evening bells
Chime out the parting day;
In fainter notes or clearer swells
Rolled forth their roundelay.

They told me that their melting voice
From *Roman* belfry fell;
Still did my yielding heart rejoice,
Enraptured by their spell!

For Truth said I, *whenever* gained,
Shall still be truth to me,
Her angel accents unrestrained,
All fetterless and free.

[“As I was passing Brean-down on the rail, I saw a dark shadow resting on the bare side of the hill. Seeking its cause, I saw a little cloud, bright as light, floating in the clear blue above. Thus it is with our sorrow, it is dark and cheerless here on earth; but look above and you see it to be but a shadow of His brightness whose name is Love.”
—*Extract from Dean Alford's Journal.*—*See Life*, p. 240.]

The Brean-down Cloud.

SLEEPING upon the lone hill side,
The sombre shadow lay;
While all around the landscape wide
Smiled in the autumn ray.

I looked into the clear blue skies
That shadows cause to trace,
'Twas one fair cloud, to my surprise,
Darkened the mountain's face.

On high, the fleecy mist was bright,
Radiant in silver sheen;
Below, the wreath of virgin-white
In sable guise was seen.

And thus the chastisements of love
Drop shadows as I go;
But in yon azure vault above,
Like noon-tide beams they glow.

Alargue.

THE hills are stretching far away
In undulating line ;
The heathery height and broom-clad brae
In blending tints combine.

The Don glides winding on below,
Meandering through the vale ;
Its peaceful waters gently flow,
Just stirred by summer gale.

The gowans silver o'er the lea,
And scented clover-flower,
Detains the wing of mountain bee,
Sailing in sunny hour.

The graceful birches fringe the swells
In hues of sombre green ;
And higher soaring from the dells
The darkling pines are seen.

Soft silence broods o'er all around,
On every side 'tis still ;
As if Alargue were hallowed ground,
Sacred her every hill.

And then the kindness meanwhile
Within thy halls that reigns,
Lights like a very sunshine smile
The mountains and the plains.

Alargue ! accept as tribute small,
A minstrel's grateful lay,
Pencilled beside thy granite wall
On gentle summer day.



Balmoral.

HMBOSOMED in the mountains,
Where Dee's fair river flows,
Thy royal halls, Balmoral,
'Midst wood-clad heights repose.

Of him the sad memorial
Who bade thy towers arise ;
Garnished the knolls around thee,
Then passed into the skies.

His cairn upon the hill-top
'Neath Loch-nagar is seen ;
The birchen valley weepeth
What though its bowers be green.

The modest kirk of Crathie
Peeps forth from yonder brae ;
England with Scotland blendeth
On summer Sabbath-day.

Stranger, and mountain-peasant,
And royalty are there ;
Bending before Jehovah
Within his house of prayer.

Right dear shall be Balmoral
To British hearts I ween ;
While dear each hill and valley
To England's widowed Queen !

I take a sad departure,
While parting breathe a prayer,
As winding through the dingle
I lose thy turrets fair.

Long may Victoria flourish,
Long may her throne remain ;
In heart of every subject
For ever may she reign.



Benledi; or, "The Mount of God."

I saw Benledi "rise in air,"
Methought the scene enchanting fair;
His triple lakes beneath him lay—
Vennachar, Katrine, and Achray;
And as, entranced, I gazed abroad,
They told me 'twas "the Mount of God."

Then to my view a vision came
Of Sinai's summit robed in flame:
The fiery flood surged rolling on,
More radiant than the noon-day sun;
And angels each with folded wing
Did homage to creation's king.

That scene dissolved,—and then a hill,
More lowly, yet more sacred still,
Shone fully forth before mine eye:
I looked—and, lo, 'twas Calvary:
Mercy rejoiced, and justice cried,
"Jehovah now is satisfied!"

That vision's gone,—the cruel tree
With silent awe no more I see;
'Tis Olivet that rises now,
As clustering vines entwine his brow,
And wondering men and angels say,
'The Victor hath gone up to day.'

Then all these mountains one by one
Faded, as if their work was done;
And, lo, the hills of light sublime,
Piled ridge on ridge appeared to climb,
And gathered groups of saints were there
Rejoicing on each golden stair.

And 'midst them all, upon his throne,
My Saviour sat, with glittering crown;
And as I bowed with all the rest,
Methought He called me to his breast.—
Such were the dreams that rose but now
While musing 'neath Benledi's brow.

A Highland Journey.

I TRAVERSED the desert uncultured and drear,
Where nature lay frowning with aspect severe ;
Grim silence sat brooding on every lone hill,
And each darkling "Corrie" slept sombre and
still.

At length on my vision a fairy-scene burst,
As though some sweet Eden were smiling at first,
When low at my feet Pitlochrie lay,
Enclasped in the windings of ambient Tay.

The birches were bonnie, the greenwoods were
bright,
From pine grove to gowan breathed nought but
delight !
And far toward the northward the mountains on
high
Were leaning their snow peaks upon the blue sky.

Each crest 'twas of silver bespangled with gold,
With mantle of purple beneath them unrolled ;
For hues of the even unconsciously stole
To colour the landscape and garnish the whole.

Methought here's a picture suggestively true,
The course of the Christian's unfolded to view ;
Through wilds sad and dreary he oft has to roam,
Yet every league brings him but nearer to home.

And soon shall those mountains before him arise,
That faith has depicted, far off in the skies ;
And "rivers of pleasure" beneath them shall flow,
More goodly than gladdened the valleys below.

O Lord of creation, O God of all grace,
I long to be yonder Thy glories to trace ;
Enclasped in Thy bosom, Thy face to behold,
And praise Thee for ever on harpstrings of gold.



Yarrow.

② FT has fond fancy brought to view,
In vivid picture clear and true,
These moorland wastes and heights forlorn,
Where border huntsman winds his horn.

Yes, Yarrow, I have loved to trace,
The heather's shadow or thy face ;
And often have I seemed to stray
Where Ettrick stretches far away.

Newark, within thy birchen dell,
And fair Bowhill, I know you well,
Since first, dear Scott, thy witching lay
"Cheated the school-boy of his play."

But never did I think to see
The gowans silvering thy lea ;
Or gather in a sunny hour
The scented clover's modest flower.

And never did I think to stand
Upon the "line of silver sand ;"
Or on the time-worn " pines " to gaze,
Immortalized in Marmion lays.

Yet have I lived this day to tread,
Where trod the steed of poet dead ;
And felt his "thoughts within me wake,"
"By lone St. Mary's silent lake."

'Twas here fond memory retraced,
Scenes of the past, by time effaced ;
And voices spoke, and features shone,
Of "early friends long lost and gone."

And thus my muse in pensive line,
Bard of the Tweed, would follow thine,
And drop the tributary tear,
O'er friendships past yet ever dear.

All things on earth must quickly fade,
As from the mountain glides the shade,
Or sunbeam pales in fainter ray,
'Neath the thin cloud of summer-day.

Tor Bay.

TAIL gentle waters of the land-locked bay,
Blue, green, or golden, with each varying ray;
Hemmed in by timbered slopes which fringe the
 strand,
With just a silver line 'twixt sea and land.

No ships of war disturb thy sylvan calm,
Or set their canvas to thy breath of balm;
But graceful yachts expand the snowy sail,
To woo the rising of thy perfumed gale.

Yonder, where bolder cliff looks forth to sea,
Thy local poet long rejoiced to be;
Caught the soft influence that thy shores impart,
Gave in return his yielded lyre and heart.

Classic in diction, elegant and terse,
Who knows not, Lyte, the vigour of thy verse;
Who hath not smiled delighted at thy thought,
Or checked the tear-drop to the eyelid brought?

The inspiration Berry Head supplied
Permeates Albion's compass far and wide;
Hamlet and city, pray, dear bard, with thee,
In closing evensong, "Abide with me!"

Thy heavenward course these pinnaces pourtray,
Now safely anchored in thine own Torbay ;
Soothingly rocking on the wavelet's breast,
Whose peaceful heavings only whisper rest !

They each could tell us of the stormy main,
Where long they sought this harbour to attain ;
How the dark billows threatened to prevail ;
How the red lightning scorched the tattered sail ;

How the wild west winds rose and raged on high,
Drifting each mist-wreath thwart an angry sky ;
Delving the bosom of the swelling wave,
As if providing the brave seaman's grave.

Thus, Lyte, thy passage thro' life's treacherous sea,
To the blest haven where thou longed to be,
Full many a peril deep and deadly knew,
Ere the oft-sighed-for shore appeared in view.

But now soft seated where the rays lie spread,
Brighter than beams that cincture Berry Head,
Thy joyous spirit scans the glassy lake,
Where heavenly harpers bid their lyres awake.

Say, may I hope, a brother bard with thee,
To join the minstrels on the emerald sea ?
If such the prospect, I will spread the sail,
Deaf to the voices of the surging gale.

Such are the thoughts, sweet poet of the west,
That rise responsive in an answering breast,
As I have gazed on thy locality;—
So now Farewell to Brixham and to thee!



Autumn.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SCOTT.

AUTUMN yet lingers !—still the verdant spray
Gleams in the coppice, midst the branches bare ;
While through the watery cloud the struggling ray
Flings o'er the forest-glade a lustre fair,
As if the waning year would proudly dare
To vie in radiance with the summer sheen,
Charms of October vainly to compare,
With August-glances through the tangled screen
When in their pomp of power Apollo's steeds are
seen !

Autumn yet lingers !—Mendip's swelling breast,
In richest purple royally arrayed ;
No hour anticipates when soaring crest
Shall 'neath a silvery veil of snow be laid ;
When the sad shepherd, pensive and dismayed,
Shall seek the covert of the sheltered vale,
Of chill December's angry blasts afraid,
As howls Boreas with terrific wail,
Driving him home at last to tell the winter's tale.

Autumn yet lingers !—and-methinks its days,
As years roll onward seem more dear to me ;
I covet now no summer's georgeous rays,
No spring-tide blossoms garnishing the lea.
Nay, give me now the yellow half-stripped tree,
I yield thee back gay bird and gayer flower ;
Nature decaying sheds more sympathy :
No more I ask for pleasure, pomp, or power,
But only woo the spell that wakes in Autumn's hour.



Beddgellert.

HAIL mountain-brotherhood ! I come once more
To raise the spirit and delight the eye,
To the charmed region whence ye silent soar,
To claim communion with your kindred sky.

In answering sympathy yon clouds descend—
Those white-robed porters at the golden gate,
As if they hasted to admit their friend
To the king's presence where he holds his
state.

Majestic "Wynn !" I mark thy triple crest,
And envy whilst I gaze the buoyant wing,
That I might nestle in thy furrowed breast,
And there for very joy repose and sing !

And thou, too, sharp "C'ynicht," in purple clad,
Say has to Cambria come the "Matterhorn ?"
Or is it vision of the spirit glad
By the resemblance for a moment born ?

But sacred "Wyddfa !" queen of all around,
Parent of heights that bow beneath thy feet,
Myself unsaddled on the hallowed ground,
In voiceless rapture would thy presence greet.

What though the world at large in thought and
deed

May spurn the mountain and reject the lay,
Immortal Snowdon ! 'twas my lot to lead
A poet's daughter to thy shrine to day.



Memory of a Sunday at Criccieth.

(WRITTEN IN TRAVELLING HOME.)

THE golden light of heaven is shed
On every mountain's purple head ;
And Ocean's "many twinkling smile"
Sparkles beneath each rocky isle.

The murky clouds have rolled away
To herald in the Sabbath-day,
Save where some cloudlet lingers still
In slumber on the "slanting hill."

No sound is heard but belfry-chime
From Cambrian church at morning prime ;
Or of welch-hymn the thrilling strain
That "swells and sinks and swells again."

Can I forget the sacred hour ?
Nay, 'twill return with magic power,
As "Bychan's" tarn reflects the sound
Prolonged by echoing rocks around.

Lonely "Combe Bychan !" I have strayed
To thy recess, and there delayed
The homeward footstep, long beguiled,
Within thy fastness weird and wild :

Listening to each belovèd-name
From answering cliff that backward came,
Resounding as I called them o'er,
Reclining on the lakelet's shore.

Where Harlech Castle "holds his state,"
Guard of Carnarvon's county-gate ;
Oh ! 'twere a scene for bard to dwell
To weave the lay and tune the shell !

And wander unrestrained and free
Blither than bird or mountain-bee,
Sipping the nectar of the hour,
Like honey from the heathbell flower.

Refreshed, to toil I now return :
Farewell to heather and to fern ;
Each fading form of mountain pales,—
Awhile adieu, immortal Wales !

I want an Old Hall.

I WANT an old Hall
With scutcheoned wall,
And a black-and-white stone floor,
With a fretted roof,
Steep and sharp enough,
And a stout nail-headed door.

I want an old hall
With windows tall,
And an oriel towards the west,
With a dais and board
To greet a lord,
And welcome an humble guest.

I want an old hall
With a deep stone stall,
Set in the chimney side,
Where the crackling log,
From out the bog,
Shall blaze 'twixt the hearth-dogs wide.

I want an old hall
With a wainscot wall,
All lined and carved half-way;
And above should wave,
Tattered trophies brave,
Mid stag's heads brought to bay.

I want an old hall
Where the halberd tall,
 With the holster and pike shall hang ;
And the rusty sword
Of the feudal lord,
 And the gun he was wont to bang.

I want an old hall
Within to call
 The lads and the lassies fair,
Whose roof may ring
For our Church and King,
 Till we send far off dull care.



Assington,

(On receiving a Photograph of my Mother's Home, out of
Suffolk.)

AFTER THE MANNER OF "COWPER, ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE."

YES! 'tis the well known front with gabled wall,
The ivied turrets, and the chimneys tall,
That rose before me many a year gone by,
Standing out sharply in the evening sky,
When the red evening gilded the far west,
And kissed the woodlands ere it sank to rest.
Can I forget when first those oaks arose,
Stalwart before me, which yon warren close?
Or spreading cedars which the paddock grace,
Casting their shadows o'er the mansion's face;
Or winding "stew banks" with the glen hard by,
Where shrubs and flowers in mingled fragrance lie;
Or rising stables on the slope above,
Backed by the monarchs of the drift and grove?
Thou fallen drift! alas, I can but mourn,
The missing oaks I fain would bid return,
Oft 'neath whose boughs I've sought the "Thicks's"
shade,
That stretched its covert tall beyond the glade,
Which gently slopes beside the village street,
With its trim cots and homesteads fair to greet,

Where road leads backward to the ancient church,
That looks out snugly from each fir and birch,
Chesnut and ash which cluster round the hall,
Clasping them both within their verdant wall.
Home of my mother! here she first drew breath,
And here, almost, she softly sunk in death;
For few the days, her latest visit past,
Ere she had gained her heavenly home at last.
Ancestral halls! 'twas here that Robert came
And gave to Lavenham's Rose still nobler name:
From him descended, who with William led
The Norman army when the Briton bled.
Tomb of my grandsires! here lies Brampton's dust,
Nathaniel's, Philip's, gathered to the just;
John's in succession, with their consorts fair,
Now still and silent in their darksome lair.
Our foremost forbear, says the early lay,
From Cambria's mountains took his weary way,
And landed safe on Peregord's rich plains,
The name of "*Gurdon*" for his exploits claims;
"*Greenhill*" no longer, when from William's hand,
Victor at Hastings, he receives his land.
Still in the panels of the ancient hall,
Look forth their features canvassed on the wall,
Mid pikes and guns and royal pardons hung,
And rusty battle-axe and bow unstrung.

Oft in my childhood I've affrighted gazed
On these grim portraits till I stood amazed ;
Till each at twilight would as living seem,
And rise before me in the midnight dream.
O Ason Hall, my childhood links with thee,
When hopes were high and fancy frolicked free ;
When through the copse would I delighted run,
The lesson conned and morning task-work done ;
Saw the grey partridge from the turnips rise,
Glimpsed the coy hare dart past before my eyes ;
Gazed on the pheasant, as he whirring sprung
From out the greenwood to escape the gun.
Or when the carriage would go forth abroad,
Took with gay heart the undulating road
To Bures, to Boxford, or to Nayland Stoke,
Whose lordly tower o'ertops each neighbouring
oak ;
Or marked in terror where the "red-barn" rose,
Near Polstead's village o'er the Tyrell groves.
I thank thee, cousin, for thy gift to-day,
Which thus has bid me weave a pensive lay,
And soothed my spirit musing on the dead,
And early years of happy childhood fled,
And sweet companions who have reached that
shore
Where storms sink cradled, where no billows roar.

Oft shall I gaze on the resemblance true,
Which magic art presents before my view ;
And as I gaze, as frequent breathe the prayer,
For the loved kindred still encircled there
Beneath the gables and the warren trees,
That smile in spring-tide, sigh in autumn breeze.
Yes, dear Sophia, may our ancient line,
Long in high honour and true virtue shine ;
Long may religion gladden these our walls,
And peace and concord dwell within our halls,
Till with our fathers to the dust we come,
And then for ever claim a better home.



The Pastor's Watch at Midnight.

SOFTLY upon her lowly couch,
I left the child to die ;
The damps of death bedewed her brow,
And glazed her fixing eye.

And through the village churchyard lone
Straight to my home I passed ;
The midnight moon in silence shone,
The hoar frost round was cast.

One sound was heard—one only sound—
It was the autumn leaf,
That hanging o'er some new-made grave
Seemed dropping off for grief.

'O emblem of mortality !'
Thus to myself I said,
'So fall the fairest hopes of time
'To mingle with the dead !'

But then another sinking spray
Just caught the moonlight pale ;
And as it gently sought the earth
Took up this nighty tale :

'Some mortals are there, like myself,
 'Who, while they pass away,
'Reflect the glories of the skies,
 'And brighten in the ray

'Which o'er the graveyard shines on high,
 'A herald of the morn,
'When, dust of death all done away,
 'Saints shall to life return.'



In a Lone and Desert Region.

IN a lone and desert region
Once I wandered far from home,
Where full many a fiendish legion
Of hell's messengers would roam.

There my tender Saviour found me,
Faint and bleeding by the way,
Gently placed his arm around me,
Raised me up from where I lay.

When upon his face I gazèd,
Pity glistened in his eye—
Pity that my soul amazed,
And I wept!—I know not why.

Hands and feet, they both were gory,
And his temples deep were torn ;
He was like a king in glory,
And yet like a slave forlorn.

When He spake 'twas as the gushing
Of melodious mountain rill ;
When all spent its earlier rushing,
And its voice flows meekly still.

‘Wilt thou follow Me, poor stranger?’
Lo, at length He softly said;
‘I will rescue thee from danger,
For My blood for thee was shed.’

Then methought a power came o’er me
Which from out my soul did say,
‘O Emmanuel, I adore Thee,
I will follow Thee to-day.’

Now through life I journey homeward,
Christ and all in him is mine;
Pressing daily farther forward,
Strengthened with a strength divine.

What though griefs and snares oppress me,
What though mountains rise on high,
He is aye beside to bless me,
His right hand is ever nigh.

Soon upon his breast for ever
I shall look into his face;
Death nor hell my soul shall sever
From the bosom of his grace.

I his fair dominion sharing,
Forth shall walk with Him in white;
Jesu's crown with Jesus wearing,
Jesu's self, my soul's delight.



Two Birds were Caged Together.

TWO birds were caged together,
Two love birds rare were they :
They matched in every feather,—
Golden and blue and grey.

For years with one another
They warbled side by side ;
At length the gentle brother
Grew silent, drooped, and died.

How to console the sister
'Twas hard indeed to say,
For sorrows scorching blister
Consumed her day by day.

At last some friend suggested
To hang before her eye
A mirror that reflected
The bird as she flew by.

And now she fondly gazeth
On her own image fair ;
Her song once more she raiseth,
As if her mate was there.

And thus the dear reflections
Of happier days gone by ;
Lost friends and flown connexions
Cheat often memory's eye.

And looking on the image
Of joys that once were ours,
We seem to glimpse the plumage
That gladdened erst our bowers ;

And seem to hear the singing
That made us once so gay,
In gentle cadence ringing
From copse in roundelay.

O soother of my sadness !
Memory, I hail thy power ;
Thou source of half my gladness,
Thou balm in sorrow's hour.



Arise and Shine.

ARISE and shine, thy noontide light is come ;
The Son of glory gilds thine ancient home ;
The thronging Gentiles at thy shrine shall bend,
And blending praises from thy courts ascend.

Lo, Midian's camels bear thy sons from far,
Peace plants her olive on the fields of war ;
Like doves at even, saints are flying home,
Earth's conquered islands to Messiah come.

Through opened portals doth the concourse press,
And on Mount Zion loud Jehovah bless ;
Box, pine, and cedar, each before Him fall,
To frame a temple for the Lord of All.

No more, O Zion, shall from thee sound forth
War's marshal clarion echoing thro' the earth :
Moriah's heights their peaceful hymns shall raise,
" Her walls salvation and her portals praise."

Thy rising radiance shall no more go down,
But deck thy temples with perennial crown ;
Nor shall that glory be thy conquering rod,
It glows but borrowed from a present God.

On Haran's Waste.

ON Haran's waste I'll make my bed,
These stones the pillows neath my head,
No beast I'll dread, no foe I'll fear,
For thou, my God, art watching near.
Thy wakeful eye, Thy shelt'ring arm,
Shall keep Thy sleeping child from harm.

Lo, radiant brightness streaks the sky,
A lustrous ladder gleams on high,
In clouds celestial hides its head,
Yet plants its foot beside my bed;
Angels descending towards me come,
Then mount, returning to their home.

The God of Abram from above
Looks down in attitude of love,
Pledges himself my God to be,
Yea, God to my posterity;
The land around He deigns bestow,
Though forth on pilgrimage I go.

Lord, in return myself to Thee
I give, henceforth Thine own to be;
Raiment and food, I ask no more,
Thy service be my sacred store;
And when the toils of life are past,
O bring me to Thy house at last.

To Love, to be Again Beloved.

NO love, to be again beloved,
'Twere selfishness at best;
O let me love for love alone,
My secret unconfessed.

Down in the centre of my heart,
My love its joys shall sing,
E'en though no brooklet gusheth out
From the deep hidden spring.

The ocean needeth not the stream
To swell its heaving tide;
Surging in wide immensity,
It hath itself supplied.

Love unto love doth e'er impart
Its own ethereal joy,
Purer than wreath of virgin snow
Or gold without alloy.

Saviour, I love Thee for Thyself,
Thy love is Heaven to me,
E'en though, while panting for Thy breast,
Thy face I cannot see.

We cannot Write our Thoughts.

WE cannot write our thoughts,
The thoughts that in us burn,—
The wild, wild thoughts, that come and go,
And evermore return.

The shadows of the skies,
Which passing clouds supply,
That o'er the furrowed mountain glide,
Then lift themselves and fly.

Yet thought can waft us far
To sacred scenes so dear,
So that the bond of mortal flesh
Cannot enchain us here.

Thought gives us eyes and ears,
And voices of the soul,
Touches the very springs of life,
And thrills our inmost whole.

Though scores of miles divide,
I can as clearly see
The woods, and hills, and streams, and glades,
As e'er they rose to me.

I hear each gentle voice,
And in my turn reply ;
My spirit sees her kindred one,
With an ethereal eye.

I want not to be told,
What they are *doing* there ;
My spirit tells me that—and more—
It tells me what *they are* !

Far up within the glen
The mountain streamlets meet ;
From sundered valleys gushing down
The brooks each other greet.

The copse wood o'er them bends,
'Tis silent on the hill,
No human foot disturbs the dews,
From morn till eve 'tis still ;

And then where none intrudes,
With Thee, great God, alone,
Up in the mountain wilderness,
The twin-born rills are one.

They ripple each to each,
They sparkle each for other,
Till voice, till waves, till streams be one,
Of sister and of brother!



How Silly, the Ungrateful Bird.

HOW silly, the 'ungrateful' bird,
That wanton spurned thy care,
Courting a fatal liberty
In the chill outward air.

No gentle hand attends him now,
The night rains soil his wing;
Hungry and cold on wind-swept bough
No carol can he sing.

And thus, if tempted from without,
We wander, Lord, from Thee,
We leave our peace and joy behind
In dreaming to be free.

Driven by every storm that blows,
We seek but find no rest,
Earth can afford us no repose,
No creature-tree a rest.

Lord, I would fain come back to Thee—
Back to Thy guardian care;
O clasp me in Thy bleeding hand,
And fold and keep me there.

The Firs have Fallen.

THE firs have fallen, and the Knoll looks in,
Smiles recognition through the opened glade;
Long have I loved both Knoll and fair domain;
But they were sundered by the envious grove;
Now they are one; and, both more beautiful,
Seem to rejoice that they each other know.
Thus have I brought together friends beloved:
And never to our view has each appeared
So lovely, as at length, when both combined,
Have blessed each other, and the charm confessed
Our heart which ravished, when admiring both.

Summer is Past.

SUMMER is past, dark frowns the leaden sky,
And howling equinox rides grimly by;
On soaking lawn the eddying leaves are strewn,
Each grove and copse their rifled glories moan.

Yet will we not in sullen mood complain,
Though darkling drops come rattling on each pane;
We'll warm our chimney, light our cheerful fire,
Take down our books, touch harpsichord or lyre.

Never so snugly smiles our little den,
As when the storms come sweeping o'er the fen;
Never so cozy is our circled blaze,
As when the hill tops loom from out the haze.

Each changing month its pleasure with it brings,
Each string attuned successive wakes and sings;
If but contented mind we each possess,
All the four seasons have their happiness.

Who Felled those Trees?

WHO felled those trees—those nobles of the
past?

Those gnarlèd oaks that graced yon swelling
Knoll,

Those classic elms that swept the park below,
Those chestnuts, ashes, beeches, that of yore
Rose in the chase, here group'd, and there alone?
Say, whose the hand that dared to lay them low,
Leaving unsightly roots amid the sward?

Ah! 'twas the shaken dice and ruddy wine
That rattling fell, that sparkled in the cup;
'Twas the fleet race-horse on the Ascot turf:
These were the axes that the park despoiled!
Or 'twas some meagrim as to health and air,
When dark November hung his gloomy wreaths,
Or bleak December frowned in cloud and storm.
Ah! ye are gone, never to reappear;
Each fawn and wood-nymph flies the rifled grove,
Our sons may plant; but ages must roll past,
To heal the scar that one dire day has done!

A Birth-day Thought.

ANOTHER birth-day! one more milestone
past,

On the steep road that leads thee home at last ;
A moment pause, thine Ebenezer raise,
Trust for the future, for the past give praise.

Say not ' the banks rise high above my head,'
Each darksome barrier is with flowers bespread ;
And now and then an opening bids thee see
Slope, swell, and woodland, lake, and sunny lea.

Say not ' the path descends the rugged hill,'
Ever beside thee glides the crystal rill ;
If in the hollow broods depressing gloom,
Each plant around thee breathes its own perfume.

Say not ' the upward course comes steeply now,'
The golden sunlight sparkles on the brow ;
A few more windings of the devious road,
And then for ever in thy home with God !

To my Wife.

I LOVED thee years ago
In all thy virgin prime;
And yet I love thee better now,
With gathering years of time.

Spring-tide may blossoms give,
But autumn fruit supplies;
Our wedded love doth ever live,
Mellowed 'neath autumn skies.

May all our children grow,
As branches round our board;
Love, serve and trust Him here below,
Then rise to meet their Lord.

And pray we for the day
When we shall join them there,
Where every tear is wiped away,
And answered every prayer.

And when upon his throne,
Emmanuel seats his bride,
And bids her wear a blood-bought crown,
For ever at his side.

The Sun arose o'er Haldon.

THE sun arose o'er Haldon
To herald in the day,
While yet the slumbering shadow,
Lay sleeping on each brae.

The grey mist brooding hovered
O'er coppice and o'er glade,
Till one by one the hollows
Were bright with morning made.

Yonder stretched distant Dartmoor,
In solitary state ;
Long did his sullen desert
The rising rays await.

At length he caught the brightness,
Lifted his head on high
To praise the God who made him,
And look into the sky.

Below was blithesome Christow,
With Bridford on the hill,
And Blackinstone above it,
All sacred, lone, and still.

Then to the left lay Dunsford,
With modest tower and town,
And yellow corn in patches
Enlivening the dull brown.

The clustering pines of Crissel
Shook off their dewes at last,
And softly stirred and trembling,
Waved welcomes as I passed.

And so I climbed amongst them,
That I might with them share
A glimpse of peaceful Doddiscombe,
And all the loved ones there.

And left I then the hill top
All lightsome and all gay,
For I had seen God's glories,
Each under matin ray.

On Soaring Hill.

ON soaring hill lies leagues away,
Bright in the glow of ebbing day,
With robe of amethyst outspread,
And sapphire circlet round his head ;
And as I gaze I fain would fly
To where the mountain meets the sky.

But I must wait—enough for me,
That I the distant peak may see ;
It is not mine the cairn to climb,
Or scale the precipice sublime ;
It may be that my joy is more
Than could I venture to explore.

So are there mysteries apart,
I may not grasp with mind or heart ;
Nor dare disturb with mortal tread
The virgin snows that veil their head ;
God's cloud rests hovering on the hill,
'Tis mine in meekness to be still.

He curtains off his sacred throne,
Reigns in the solitude alone,
Whispering unseen from his retreat,
'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet ;
Proud reason must confounded lie,
Meek faith thy present peace supply.'

But when I drop mortality,
And rise ethereal and free,
I shall upon the mountain stand,
And gaze with him o'er sea and land ;
Each mist shall from the summit soar,
And doubt and darkness shroud no more !



To a Young Friend.

RESEMBLE "Martha" in thy frugal care,
But follow "Mary" in confiding prayer;
Be first like Martha thy dear Lord to greet,
But sit like Mary at thy Saviour's feet.

"Martha's and "Mary's" in this world below,
That things may prosper must for ever go;
"Martha's" each household care to share and
 guide;
"Mary's" to listen at the Teacher's side!

To a Sister, on her Brother's Preservation
from Shipwreck.

IN Biscay's Bay the angry storm
Had raised on high the swelling sea,
And death came on in frightful form
From out the sky's dark canopy.

Christ with his angels hovered near,
Unseen by sense, but there to save;
Faith saw his gracious hand appear
To snatch thy brother from the grave.

Now doubly dear shall both become—
Thy brother and thy Saviour too ;
Edward, for he is safe at home,
And Jesus, for He gave him you.

Autumn Musings in the Assington Warren.

THE leaves were falling o'er the glade
Yellow from many a spray,
As sighed the chill breeze through the shade
And sank the autumn day ;
Yet Ason oaks are bonnie all,
And Ason cedars hoary,
And Ason church and Ason hall
Stand each in ancient glory !

I thought upon the days gone by,
I thought upon my mother,
Till gushed the tear-drop to mine eye
For grandsire—kinsman—brother ;
Yet Ason oaks are bonnie all,
And Ason cedars hoary,
And Ason church and Ason hall
Stand forth in ancient glory !

I thought upon the brave young heir,
So early from us taken,
And breathed from inmost heart a prayer
For *her* and *his* forsaken.
May Ason oaks be bonnie all,
And Ason cedars hoary,
And Ason church and Ason hall
Retain their ancient glory.

Combinations.

WHEN Stafford sinks in Derby's arms,
She borrows her sweet sister's charms ;
And blending in the "dale of Dove,"
Scarce lovelier itself is love !

And so when Somerset joins Devon
'Twould seem the very gate of heaven ;
For hill, and vale, and stream are there,
Romantic rock and woodland fair.

Thus when in life you chance to find
The charm of some concordant mind,
The loftier doth its strength impart
To elevate the lowlier heart.

God hath not made to stand alone
The spirits that surround his throne ;
In blended beams they brighter shine,
Reflected from Jehovah's shrine.

The Grave of T. J. B.,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ABBOT'S LEIGH.

SOFTLY reposing 'neath the churchyard shade,
Thy cherished ashes peacefully are laid ;
Stillness unbroken reigns on all around,
While guardian angels watch the sacred ground.

As by thy tomb in pensive thought I stand,
My ravished eye surveys the sunny land,
Whose towering summits from the valleys rise
To catch the glories of their kindred skies.

Just a blue line of intervening sea
Sunders their strand from this erst dear to thee,
A strait so narrow you might bridge it o'er,
Thus blending Cambria with our Albion shore.

But fairer visions than these scenes of earth,
Immortal mountains of celestial birth,
Attract thy spirit-gaze where thou art gone,
Radiant with glory from the eternal throne.

Awhile a pilgrim on this desert side,
Till comes the summons, I must here abide ;
And yet meanwhile to Faith's transported eye,
The coast of Canaan shall be ever nigh.

Fly hence, ye mists, that darken the bright skies,
Marshy miasmas from the plains that rise ;
Come lights celestial with your golden sheen,
And lend your lustre to the waves between.



The Brook's Parable.

RIPPLE on thou crystal brooklet—
Ripple on with ceaseless voice;
With the sweetness of thy music
Thou dost make my heart rejoice.

In the mountain is thy birth-place,
Where the tarn doth overflow;
Rushing down the rock-strewn gully
To the river thou dost go.

Now in pools o'er sunny pebbles
Thou dost for a moment stay;
Then amongst opposing boulders
Thou dost speed thine onward way.

Fern and foxglove on thy margin
Bless at eve thy kindly dew;
While the copse wood in the dingle
Hides thy mirror from my view.

Parable of life thou seemest,
Life descending from on high;
Through time's deeply-furrowed channel,
Towards a long eternity.

Life! thou hast thy shiny pebbles,
Sparkling in the streamlet's bed;
Life! thou hast thy rugged boulders,
Through the current thickly spread.

Brooklet, thou wouldst surely teach me
To refresh and fertilize;
Silent to fulfil my duty,
Hidden from observant eyes.

And thy voice in joyous cadence
Bids me sing upon my road,
Pressing on through sore vexations
To the bosom of my God.



Weather Changes amongst the Mountains.

THE bonnie vale is glad and gay,
The braes are bright and green,
The peaks above in morning ray
Look up in golden sheen.

The river leaps beneath the bridge,
And carols as it goes ;
The brook descending from the ridge
In silver silence flows.

The cuckoo's voice is heard unseen,
The lark ascends to sing,
The throstle's melody between
From bush and brake doth ring.

How changed the scene from yesterday !
Then all around looked drear ;
For scarce a solitary ray
This dark recess would cheer.

The mountain crests were in the cloud,
Swept down the ceaseless rain ;
The winds came howling long and loud
O'er mountain, rock, and plain.

And thus it is with human life,
The darksome days of sorrow
But alternate their storm and strife
With many a joyous morrow.

Let me in grateful trust confide
In Him who rules and guides me;
Patient, and calm, and satisfied,
Whatever else betide me!



FRAGMENTS





FRAGMENTS.



The Bee Hive.

BLEADON, Burnham, Berrow, Brent,
Sir, your bees will all be spent!
Nay, Sir, we have several more,—
Badgworth, Biddisham, yet in store,
Blagdon, Bridgwater, and Brean,
Stock our bee hive full I ween.

ANOTHER VERSION.

BLEADON, Biddisham, Badgworth, Brent,
All your bees must sure be spent!
Nay, Sir, there are several more,—
Brean and Berrow on the shore,
Burnham, Blagdon, Banwell, now
Mr. B. may make his bow!

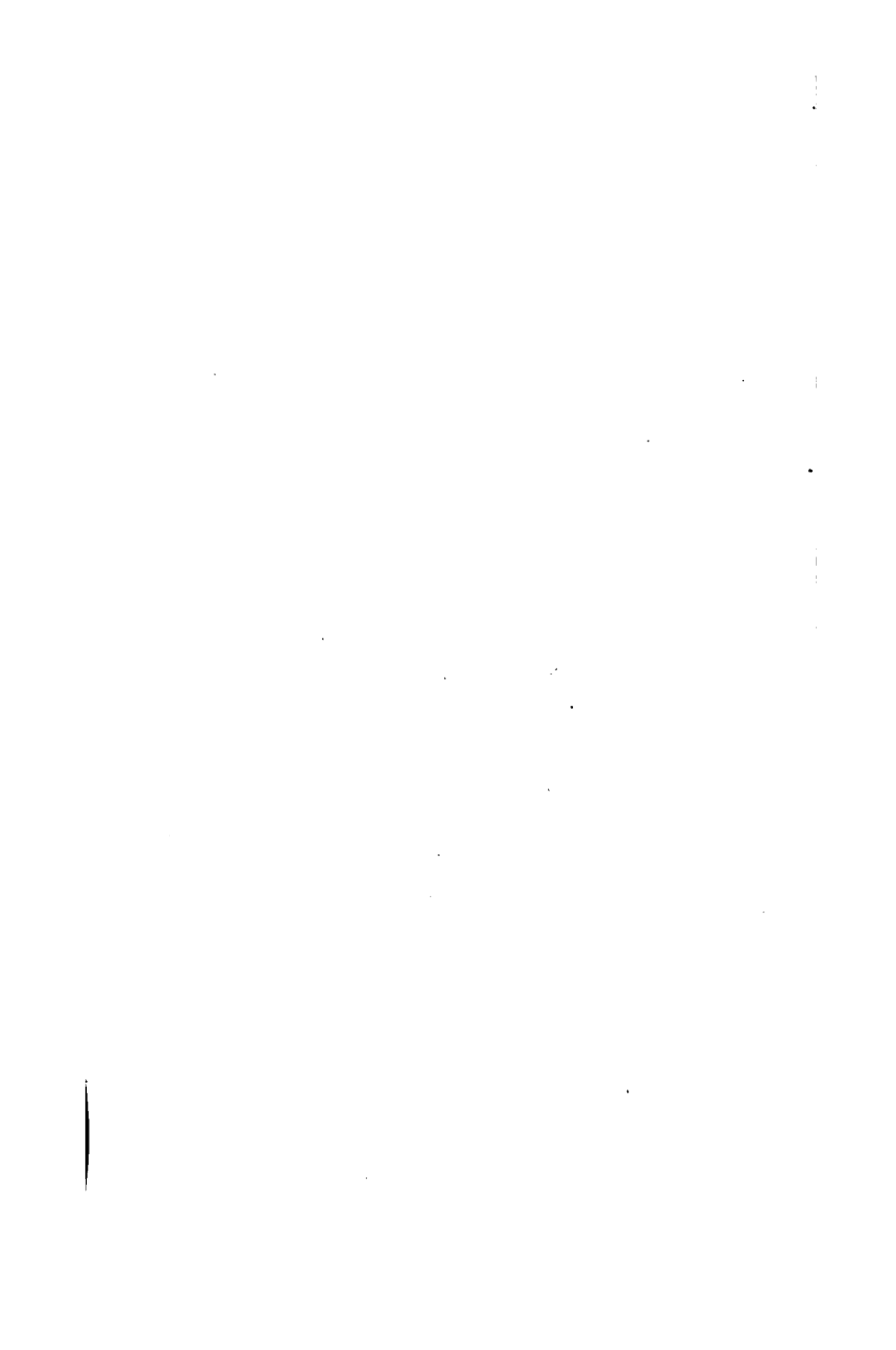
The Beckenham Horse Picture.

BRAVE "Epsom" in front of the canvas is seen,
Behind him are "Fanny" and "Sally" I ween;
Fleet "Hardwick" is standing beside the brood-
mare;
While close to his dam is the bay colt so rare;
But the other good steed, surprising the game,
Amongst the thick brushwood, we know not his
name!

Sports the Gay Breeze.

SPORTS the gay breeze in Edith's hair,
And lingering as it blows,
Steals from her cheek the lily fair,
And leaves instead the rose.

HYMNIS





HYMNS,

AFTER THE MANNER OF CHARLES WESLEY.

MY life is well nigh past,
My days and years gone by ;
Soon shall this bosom heave its last,
Soon close this mortal eye.

And then before Thy throne,
O God, I must appear ;
And standing there with Thee alone,
My doom from Thee must hear.

Forth from Thy courts on high,
Thy book Thou shalt reveal ;
And sins unseen by mortal eye
No longer shalt conceal.

O Jesu, o'er the page
Draw Thou Thy bleeding hand ;
O Surety of my soul, engage
My substitute to stand.

Then shall all heaven rejoice,
And angels tune the lyre ;
And saints with one united voice
Receive me to their choir.

And high among the host,
And loudest will I sing,
Ev'n while Eternity shall last,
The praises of my King.



 COME, dear Lord, to me,
I wait Thy quickening grace;
That smile of love I pine to see
Which beams from out Thy face.

Shew me Thy crown of thorns,
Shew me Thy bleeding side;
My inmost spirit longs and burns
To clasp the crucified.

Shew me the hands that hung,
All pierced and torn for me;
My heart and flesh, my soul and tongue,
Cry out, O Lord, for Thee.

The hidden manna give,
Impart the fair white stone;
Let me the blest new name receive
That seals me for Thine own,

O Jesu, whisper now,
"Thy sins are all forgiven;"
And at the feet of death I'll bow,
And mount at once to heaven.

THOU camest, Lord, in lowly guise,
A manger was Thy chosen bed,
Angelic hosts in mute surprise,
Guarded unseen Thine infant head ;
While Magi would their tribute pay,
And at Thy feet their offerings lay.

Thou camest to Moriah's height
To suffer on the cruel tree ;
The sun withdrew his noontide light,
And hid him from Thine agony ;
And rending rocks recoiling fled
When Thou wast numbered with the dead.

Thou comest still thy Church to bless,
Absent we feel Thy presence here,
While travelling through this wilderness
Till we before Thy face appear ;
Behold the hands—the feet—the side—
And bow before the crucified.

Thou comest shortly in Thy power :
The clouds, the chariots of Thy way,
The slumbering dead, await the hour,
The living watch the dawning day,
When earth and heaven, in glad acclaim,
Shall echo with Emmanuel's name.

HAIL to this sacred day,
We welcome thy return ;
With heart and voice we tribute pay,
Our souls within us burn.

Our eyes are unto Thee,
Vouchsafe, O God, to bless ;
Let each Thy great salvation see,
Give to Thy Word success.

The Sabbath light is spread,
O'er valley, lake, and hill ;
Lord, be Thy living lustre shed,
Our waiting souls to fill.

Spirit of God, Thy dew
Right plentifully pour ;
So shall our graces bloom anew,
Like plants beneath the shower.

Impart Thy strengthening aid
To heralds that proclaim
That on "the mighty help is laid,"
For all that love Thy name.

And when our days are past,
And all our Sabbaths here,
May we within Thy Church at last,
Before Thy face appear.



Advent.

BEHOLD the morning breaketh,
O'er the red Eastern sky :
The lingering day-star waketh,
Kindling his lamp on high !
The shades of night are stealing
From cliff, and tree, and tower,
And rays of morn revealing
Each dew-bespangled flower.

The bride no longer sleepeth—
She climbs the turret stair ;
For lo ! a chariot leapeth
O'er yonder mountain fair.
The bridegroom is returning,
His envoys are in view ;
Seraphs are round him burning,
And saints come thronging too.

Hark ! 'tis his voice melodious,
He calls her to his breast,
And angel-notes symphonious,
Enrol her with the blest.
Her griefs are well nigh ended—
Her days of trial o'er ;
Her weary nights expended—
Her eye shall weep no more.

Within his home of glory,
She shall life's mystery trace;
Unfold Redemption's story,
And see Him face to face.
O sinner, wake from slumber,
The night is nearly gone;
Be reckoned in her number,
And make her crown thine own.



Presented to the Reverend the Clergy of the Deanery of Axbridge,
at their Chapter Meeting, holden at Lympsham, on Thursday,
March 9th, 1876,

By their faithful friend and brother,

JOSEPH HENRY STEPHENSON, R.D.

WELCOME ! ye holy brethren,
In this our common home,
May He who bids us meet him
To us vouchsafe to come ;
And gladden with his presence
Our gathering in his name,
So shall our hearts within us,
Ascend in hallowed flame.

What, though the clouds may gather,
Above His Church's head,
The lustre of his rainbow
Around them all is shed ;
What though the storm be raging
And swells the threatening wave,
He walketh on the billows
To succour and to save.

What, though the cross be heavy,
He holdeth forth the crown,
And beckoneth on to glory
And perishless renown :
And bids us mark the pathway
By which Emmanuel trod,
Stained with the crimson footprints
Of our incarnate God!

Approach we now his table
To banquet with our Lord,
Rejoicing in his promise,
Obedient to his Word :
Till, when the strife is ended,
And life's stern warfare past,
We fall before his footstool
And see his face at last!

A Pastor's Absent Thought,

THERE is a bond that binds in one
The family of heaven ;
'Tis by the Father, by the Son,
And by the Spirit given.

Absence may intercourse restrain,
But hearts are one for ever ;
Distance may stretch the golden chain,
But not a link can sever.

Time, that cuts every earthly cord,
And snaps each mortal tie,
Shall fall a prey to his own sword
Ere this shall broken lie.

Though Death with all his boasted might
To burst the bond essay,
His arm shall fail, exhausted quite,
As foiled he sinks away.

And why so strong this holy band ?
'Twas Jesus wrought the chain !
Formed its bright links his bleeding hand,
They bear the crimson stain.

Beloved friends, round you and me
This bond of love is cast;
And though we now may parted be,
We must be one at last.



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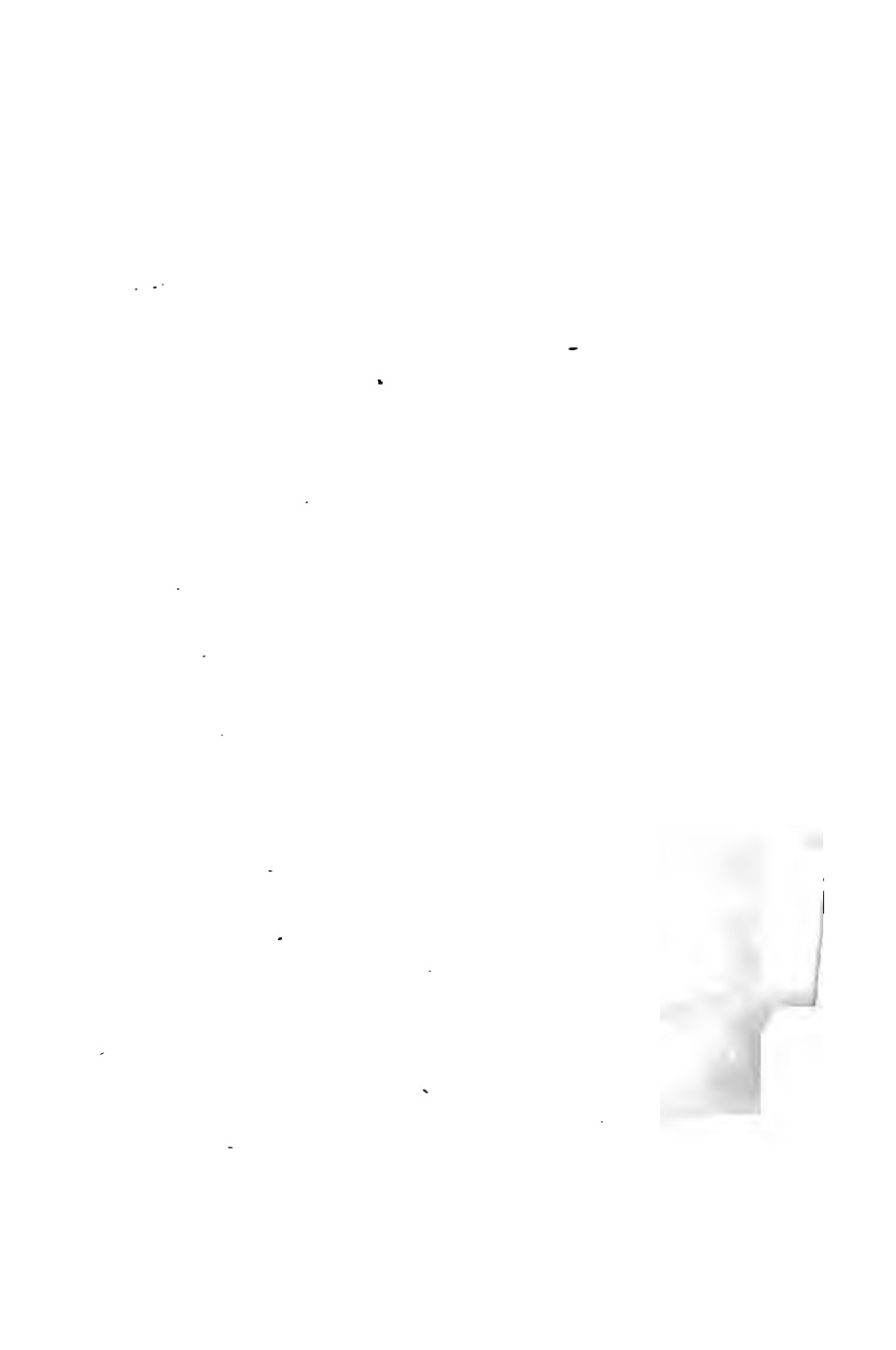
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